



Cruikshank del.

G. Murray Sculp.

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Hung on his hand and then dejected ſpoke.*

Published by J. Roach Holburn Street Near Drury Theatre Royal Nov: 30. 1794



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Roach's, *Beauties of the Poets* *OF* GREAT BRITAIN.

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&c. &c.

In Six Volumes

VOL. V.



LONDON.

Printed by J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office.
 Woburn Street, New Drury Theatre Royal, 1794.



N^o. 17.

ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POETS.

The
ART of Preserving HEALTH
by D^r Armstrong
the parting of
HECTOR & ANDROMACHE
by Alex^r. Pope Esq^r.

The Wearisomeness of what is commonly called
a **LIFE of PLEASURE.**

by Cowper
&c &c



LONDON

Printed by J. Roach at the Britannia Printing Office Woburn
Street New Drury Theatre Royal Nov^r. 30. 1794



T H E
ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

By *Dr. ARMSTRONG*

BOOK I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia*; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou, cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffuseth life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain,
When thro' the blue serenity of heaven
Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the shuddering air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th'inhuman field;
Whatever baneful-breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills th'extremes or sudden change

Vol. V. 17.

A

OF

* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
 They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
 The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train
 Of vice and heedless pleasure: or if aught
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,
 Portend disastrous to the vital world,
 Thy salutary pow'r averts their rage,
 Averts the general bane: and but for thee
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.
 Come then with me, O goddess heavenly-gay
 Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
 "How best the fickle fabric to support
 "Of mortal man; in healthful body how
 "A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
 The best, and those of most extensive use;
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
 Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
 Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
 And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
 O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
 Thou, long the fav'rite of the healing pow'rs,
 Indulge, O Mead! a well-design'd essay,
 Howe'er imperfect; and permit that I
 My little knowledge with my country share,
 Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
 And with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this feverish world would fear
 A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
 Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
 Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
 And volatile corruption, from the dead,
 The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
 Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome
 With dim mortality. It is not Air
 That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
 Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
 The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
 Of nature, when from shape and texture she
 Relapses into fighting elements :
 It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass
 Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
 Much moisture hurts ; but here a sordid bath,
 With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
 The solid frame than simple moisture can.
 Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay
 That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
 This slumbering Deep remains, and ranker grows
 With sickly rest : and (tho' the lungs abhor
 To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
 Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
 Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
 The putrid steams that over-swarm the sky,
 This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
 Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd ;
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
 And rouse the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away ; the rural wilds
 Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales ;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever-undulating sky ;
 A kindly sky ! whose fostering pow'r regales

Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign,
 Find them some woodland scene where Nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat;
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where, enthron'd in adamantinè state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove
 Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats
 (Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise
 Rural or gay). Oh! from the summer's rage,
 Oh! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
 Umbrageous Ham! But, if the busy Town
 Attract thee still to toil for pow'r or gold,
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides: a meagre fiend,
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens,
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With feverish blasts subdues the sickning land:
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burthen'd brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints, and ev'ry torpid limb;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine:

The

The vigour sinks, the habit melts away;
 The chearful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the sorceress in her fated wrath,
 Resigns them to the furies of her train;
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Tinged with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
 Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil, and wat'ry reign,
 Eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
 For ever weeps; or, turgid with the weight
 Of waters, pours a founding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh;
 Or any other injury that grows
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes th'attenuated lymph,
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
 Their flexible vibrations; or inflam'd,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That flow as Lethe wanders thro' the veins;
 Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.

The melancholy Fiend (that worst despair
Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone : and hence in climes adult
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the pow'r of chusing is denied
To half mankind, a further task ensues ;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe unhurt the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere : tho' custom moulds
To ev'ry clime the soft Promothean clay ;
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
(So kind is native air) may in the fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But, if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of wat'ry exhalation ; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog ;
Solicitous, with all your winning arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream ;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;
Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.
Meantime, at home with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air : and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heavens.
But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,

Unless

Unless with exercise and manly toil
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood,
 The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid; if indolence would wish to live,
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood,
 Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
 The moist relaxing vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast: your food supplied
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave;
 That through the thirsty channels of the blood
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy from its cold recess
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen Sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry thoughts
 Allow: But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
 A pond'rous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul:
 Lab'ring with storms, in heavy mountains rise
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades

Had

Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
 Till black with thunder all the South descends.
 Scarce in a show'rless day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful East
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This dismal change! The brooding elements
 Do they, your pow'rful ministers of wrath,
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
 Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: give the genial West
 To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
 And may once more the circling seasons rule
 The year; not mix in ev'ry monstrous day.

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
 Of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry champaign
 Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
 And where the *cynorrhodon with the rose
 For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
 Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
 Ascend; there light thy hospitable fires.
 And let them see the winter morn arise;
 The summer evening blushing in the west:
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
 And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
 Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The sounding forest studduates in the storm;
 To sink in warm repose, and hear the din

Howl

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
 The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
 Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
 To please the fancy is no trifling good,
 Where health is studied; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
 And natural movements of th'harmonious frame.
 Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
 The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with incessant change
 Of purest element, refreshing still
 Your airy seat, and uninfested gods.
 Chiefly for this I praise the man who build;
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th'ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
 Involve my hill! and wherefoe'r you build;
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
 Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
 Or high Blackheath with wint'ry winds assail'd,
 Dry be your house; but airy more than warm.
 Else ev'ry breath of ruder wind will strike
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
 Fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your voice,
 Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
 In cloister'd air, tainted with steaming life,
 Let lofty cielings grace your ample rooms;
 And still at azure noontide may your dome
 At ev'ry window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here,
 And theatres open to the south, commend?
 Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
 More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,

How

How pale, the plants in those ill-fated vases
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel, the genial vigour of the sun !
 While on the neighb'ring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring ; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet ;
 O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves.
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
 The fost'ring sun ; whose energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire ; whose gen'rous heat
 Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
 And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
 Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day ;
 If not the soul, the regent of this world,
 First-born of heaven, and only less than God !

BOOK II. DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A desert subject now,
 Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
 A barren waste, where not a garland grows
 To bind the Muse's brow ; not even a proud
 Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
 To rouse a noble horror in the soul :
 But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
 Thro' endless labyrinths the devious feet,
 Farewel, ethereal fields ! the humbler arts
 Of life ; the Table and the homely Gods
 Demand my song. Elysian gales, adieu !

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
 The gen'rons stream that waters ev'ry part,
 And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
 To every particle that moves or lives ;

This

This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
 Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
 Refund'd ; I coug'd for ever round and round ;
 Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
 Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin
 It grows ; and now, but that a thousand gates
 Are open to its flight, it would destroy
 The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
 Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
 Melt in the mildest most nectareous tide
 That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream
 Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force
 Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
 That very force, those plastic particles
 Rebuild : so mutable the state of man.
 For this the watchful appetite was given,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expence of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive pow'rs, with various art
 Subdue the cruder elements to chyle ;
 The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide
 To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
 To different parts their winding course pursue ;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on,
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th'athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin ;
 By vi'lent pow'rs too easily subdued,
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws
 To friendly chyle the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
 Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day !

Avoid

Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast ; and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th'affimilating pow'rs ;
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread
The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigour let him die ;
Nor stay till rigid age or heavy ails
Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage and luxuriant ease
Indulge the veteran ox ; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed ;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd, and scanty fare : for, old or young,
The stall'd are never healthy, nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholesome food th'abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony ; the prudent taste.
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil :
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone ; and with the eager lymph
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix, and thun with slipp'ry wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th'irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows : what tumults hence.
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes :
Chuse sober meals, and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay ; nor on th'enfeebling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.

But

But let the man, whose bones are thinly clad,
 With cheerful ease and succulent repast
 Improve his slender habit: Each extreme
 From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could relate what table this demands
 Or that complexion; what the various pow'rs
 Of various foods: but fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.
 Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
 Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temp'ature affects. There are, whose blood
 Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins,
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber,
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supplied with slaughter; and the vernal pow'rs
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
 Some ev'n the gen'rous nutriment detest
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of Pales—soft, delicious, and benign;
 The balmy quintessence of ev'ry flow'r,
 And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring;
 The soft'ning dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best refection of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half dead, and panting from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with ev'ry stomach. But (except
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all),
 Taught by experience, soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates

That lull the ficken'd appetite too long ;
 Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue ;
 Or much diminish or too much increafe
 Th'expende, which nature's wise œconomy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
 Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will ;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives ;
 The tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve : of milder seeds,
 The generous horse to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish ; tho' fabling Greece resound
 The Thracian fleeds with human carnage wild.
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring pow'r,
 Each creature knows its proper aliment ;
 But man, th'inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.
 Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
 Their cravings are well aim'd : voluptuous Man,
 Is by superior faculties misled,
 Missed from pleasure e'en in quest of joy,
 Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
 And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
 Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;
 And know, that temperance is true luxury.
 Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim :
 Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire ;
 And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
 Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
 The sick, the famish'd, shiver at your gates.
 Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
 Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
 Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm

But

But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom
 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade ?
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
 Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ?
 There are, while human miseries abound.
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste,
 Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
 Each other violate, and oft we see
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
 From combinations of innoxious things.
 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
 To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
 Of ev'ry realm. It matters not meanwhile
 How much to-morrow differ from to-day ;
 So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste
 With caution fruits you never tried before.
 For want of use, the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heaven has form'd us to the general taste
 Of all its gifts, so custom has improv'd
 This bent of nature, that few simple foods
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
 But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
 Of light refection, at the genial board
 Indulge not often : nor protract the feast

To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
 A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
 The softest food ; unfinish'd and deprav'd,
 The chyle in all its future wand'rings owns
 Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
 Th'unripen'd grape ? Or what mechanic skill
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
 Of plagues : but more immedicable ill
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,
 E'vn how to ripen the half-labour'd blood :
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
 And with balsamic nutriment repair
 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
 Thro' wether'd veins imbibe the vernal dew,
 When hunget calls, obey ; nor often wait
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond
 What nature well can bear ; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
 Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame,
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
 And famine humbled, may this verse be borne.
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds !
 Long tofs'd and famish'd on the wint'ry main ;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the shock of joy ;
 Nor

Nor crown with festive rites th'auspicious day ;
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire
 Burns, feebly heap not the green fuel on ;
 But prudently foment the wand'ring spark
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :
 Be frugal e'en of that ; a little give
 At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
 Till, by delib'rate nourishing, the flame
 Reviv'd with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
 Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
 From this to that : so nature learns to bear
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
 Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen low'rs ;
 Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day,
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
 Might cost you labour. But, the day return'd
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
 Most in the tender vegetable breed :
 Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
 The brazen heavens, or angry Sirius sheds
 A fev'rish taint thro' the still gulph of air,
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
 From the fresh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world
 The dreaded * Causos rolls his wasteful fires.
 Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ;
 And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide

B 3

Th'

* The burning fever.

Th'empire of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
 Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
 Descending, nature by degrees invites
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter when th' invigorating year
 Emerges; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
 Toyful and young, in ev'ry breeze descends
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky:
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
 The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd
 Their dainty sov'reign, when the world was young,
 Ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seiz'd
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures
 The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
 Th'establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
 Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave;
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
 Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
 Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
 Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
 With gen'rous fare and luxury profuse.
 These are their bread, the only bread they know;
 These, and their willing slave, the deer, that crops,
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
 Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains:
 Or thirstly Lybia, from whose fervid loins

The

The lion bursts, and ev'ry fiend that roams
 Th'affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
 Adult and dry, no sweet repast affords ;
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
 So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
 Oficy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
 Brews feverish frays ; where scarce the tubes sustain
 Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course,
 Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
 But here in livid ripeness melts the grape ;
 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
 Thro' the green shade the golden orange glows ;
 Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
 A gen'rous pulp ; the coco swells on high
 With milky riches ; and in horrid mail
 The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets ;
 Earth'd vaunted progeny ; in ruder air
 Too coy to flourish, ev'n too proud to live,
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
 To vapid life. Here, with a mother's smile,
 Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn :
 Here buxom Ceres reigns : th'autumnal sea
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
 What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste
 Demands. The fountain edg'd with racy wine
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
 Supports in else intolerable air ;
 While the cool palm, the plaintain, and the grove
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
 Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
 I burn to view th'enthusiastic wilds
 By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs,
 With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks

Whence

Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient songs
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 First springs the Nile; here bursts the founding Po
 In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the east;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn,
 What solemn twilight, what stupendous shades,
 Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' ev'ry nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
 And, more gigantic still, th'impending trees
 Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom,
 Are these the confines of some fairy world.
 A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations, if indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies? And whither leads,
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subteranneous way? Propitious maids,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts (so Pæon, so the pow'rs of health
 Command), to praise your crystal element;
 The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
 And life to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips,
 And trembling hand, the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you: fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
 None warmer sought the fires of human kind
 Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of sev'rish mirth
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.

Blest

Blest with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they liv'd ; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh ! could those worthies from the world of gods
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time.
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain !
 Too happy they ! But wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends ; and hear without disdain
 The choice of water. Thus the * Coan sage
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school :
 What least of foreign principles partakes
 Is best ; the lightest then ; what bears the touch
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air ;
 The most insipid, the most void of smell.
 Such the rude mountain from its horrid sides
 Pours down ; such waters in the sandy vale
 For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
 And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
 Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
 O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome, pure,
 And mellow draughts ; except when winter chaws,
 And half the mountains melt into the tide.
 Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid
 The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
 As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals
 (With rest corrupt, with vegetation green ;
 Squalid with generation, and the birth
 Of little monsters), till the pow'r of fire
 Has from profane embraces disengag'd
 The violated lymph. The virgin stream,
 In boiling, wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
 The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
 But where the stomach, indolently given,
 Toys with its duty, animate with wine

Th'

* Hippocrates.

Th'insipid stream; tho' golden Ceres yields
 A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
 Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
 The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyfs
 Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
 And furious with intoxicating fire;
 Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
 Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
 Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine.
 The puny wonders of the reptile world,
 The tender sediments of life, the slim
 Unravellings of minute anatomy,
 Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine; the vile excess we blame,
 More fruitful than th' accumulated board
 Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
 Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
 And with more active poison, than the floods
 Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
 The far remote meanders of our frame.
 Ah, sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
 Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
 Of sober vows! But the Parnassian Maids
 Another time *, perhaps, shall sing the joys,
 The fatal charms, the many woes, of wine;
 Perhaps its various tribes and various pow'rs.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl;
 Nor ev'ry trespass shun. The ferv'rish strife,
 Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
 The loit'ring crudities that burthen life;
 And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
 Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
 Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r
 To learn to bear, is easier than to shun.
 Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
 Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
 To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;

Say

* See Book IV.

Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
 Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
 With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
 Then learn to revel, but by slow degrees;
 By slow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,
 And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
 The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
 In cups by well-inform'd experience found
 The least your bane, and only with your friends,
 There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
 By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.

O seldom may the fated hours return
 Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
 Except when life declines, ev'n sober cups,
 Week withering age no rigid law forbids,
 With frugal nectar, smooth and slow, with balm
 The sapless habit daily to bedew;
 And give the hesitating wheels of life
 Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys!
 And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,
 To squander the reliefs of age and pain?

What dext'rous thousands just within the goal
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
 No morning admonitions shock the head.
 But, ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
 Add that incurable disease, old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,
 Except kind Nature by some hasty blow
 Prevent the ling'ring fates. For know, whate'er
 Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
 The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
 Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,

The

The growth advances : till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their * elemental veins
 Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
 Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
 Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small ;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows meantime amid the grinding force
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ;
 Its various functions vigorously are plied
 By strong machinery ; and in solid health
 The Man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
 But the full ocean ebbs : there is a point,
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend,
 For still the bearing tide consolidates
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
 To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.
 This languishing, these strengthening by degrees
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
 Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on :
 It loiters still ; and now it stirs no more.
 This is the period few attain, the death
 Of nature. Thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
 Destroys itself ; and, could these laws have chang'd,
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate,
 And Homer live immortal as his song.

What

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

What does not fade ? The tow'r that long had stood
 The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base ;
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun :
 The sun himself shall die, and ancient Night
 Again involve the desolate abyfs,
 Till the great Father thro' the lifeless gloom
 Extend his arm to light another world,
 And bid new planets roll by other laws,
 For thro' the regions of unbounded space.
 Where unconfined Omnipotence has room,
 Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
 Between creation and abhorred decay ;
 It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
 New worlds are still emerging from the deep ;
 The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th' adventurous Muse has pass'd ;
 But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
 Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;
 Plain, and of little ornament ; and I
 But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
 Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
 If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
 To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you
 I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
 And grow still paler by the midnight lamp.
 Not to debilitate with timorous rules

Vol. V. 17. C A hardy

A hardy frame ; nor heedlessly to brave
 Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,
 Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
 Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd,
 Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
 The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
 Bears all the blasts that sweep the wint'ry heaven.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
 In dust, in rain, in cold, and sultry skies :
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by Æsculapius given,
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
 When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
 His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
 To ev'ry casualty of varied life ;
 Serene he bars the peevish Eastern blast,
 And uninfected breathes the mortal South,

Such the reward of rude and sober life,
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid, if exercise were pain
 Indeed, and temp'rance pain. By arts like these
 Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
 And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
 Unhurt, thro' ev'ry toil, in ev'ry clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ;
 The greener juices are by toil subdued,
 Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old
 Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood,
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
 Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs with balm,
 And shed a charming languor o'er the soul,

Nor

Nor when bright Winter fows with prickly frost
 The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
 Indulge at home ; nor even when Eur^{us}' blasts
 This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
 Or fogs relent, no season should confine
 Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade,
 Go, climb the mountain ; from th'ethereal source
 Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
 Beams o'er the hills ; go, mount th' exulting flead.
 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
 The tainted mazes ; and, on eager sport
 Intent, with emulous impatience try
 Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
 Delight you more, go chace the desp'rate deer ;
 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chace o'er hill and dale
 Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream
 Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
 Of pastoral Staff^{ord}, runs the brawling Trent ;
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains ; such
 The Esk, o'erhung with woods ; and such the stream
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
 Liddal ; till now, except in Doric lays
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
 Unknown in song : tho' not a purer stream,
 Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic groves,
 Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood !
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest
 In rural innocence ; thy mountains still
 Teem with the fleecy race : thy tuneful woods
 For ever flourish ; and thy vales look gay
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain !
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,

In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd :
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
 With the well-imitated fly to hook
 The eager trout, and with the slender line
 And yielding rod solicit to the shore
 The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane ;
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
 But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chace, nor care
 To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
 A soft amusement, an humane delight.
 To raise th' insipid nature of the ground,
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is to create ; and gives a godlike joy,
 Which ev'ry year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
 O happy he, whom, when his years decline,
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means
 Attain'd, and equal to his mod'rate mind ;
 His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
 Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
 Receive to rest, of all ungrateful cares
 Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd,
 Happiest of men, if the same soil invites
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends ;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame!

A fair

A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
 Or jealousy, or pride to be outdone.
 Who plans th'enchanted garden, who directs
 The villo best, and bests conducts the stream;
 Whose groves the fasteth thicken and ascend;
 Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews
 The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest charms
 Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
 To match the sprightly genius of champaign.
 Thrice happy days, in rural bus'ness pass'd:
 Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
 Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
 With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
 And pleasing talk, that starts no timorous fame,
 With witless wantonness to hunt it down;
 Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song
 Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
 Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
 Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
 Of timely rest forgot. Sometimes, at eve,
 His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
 His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast
 And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy!
 And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace
 Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
 Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
 The native zest and flavour of the fruit
 Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
 The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
 Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl,
 And at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
 Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
 The tennis some; and some the graceful dance:
 Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
 Or naked stubble, where from field to field
 The sounding coveys urge their lab'ring flight;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour

The gun's unerring thunder : and there are
 Whom still the meed * of the green archer charms.
 He chooses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most : the toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side,
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould
 But some one part is weaker than the rest :
 The legs perhaps, or arms, refuse their load,
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
 Acquire a vigour and springy activity
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils ; and, as your nerves
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
 The prudent, ev'n in ev'ry mod'rate walk,
 At first but faunter, and by slow degrees
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
 Well knows the master of the flying steed.
 First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
 On bended reins ; as yet the Eillful youth
 Repress their foamy pride : but ev'ry breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells ;
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
 Besides, collected in the passive veins,
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpow'rs the heart, and deluges the lungs
 With dangerous inundation : oft the source

Of

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies reward or prize.

Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,
 Asthma, and feller peripneumony*,
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what Heaven denied
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs.
 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
 His vegetation and brute force decay.
 The men of better clay and finer mould
 Know nature, feel the human dignity,
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes
 Pursued prolixly, ev'n the gentlest toil
 Is waste of health : repose by small fatigue
 Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows :
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
 But when the hard varieties of life
 You toil to learn, or try the dusty chace,
 Or the warm deeds of some important day :
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
 In wish'd repose ; nor court the fanning gale,
 Nor taste the spring. Oh ! by the sacred tears
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
 Forbear ! No other pestilence has driven
 Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious Muse
 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace :
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
 Of science, and devote seven years to toil
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
 With what it little boots you to attain.
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
 What signs portend the storm : to subtler minds
 He leaves to scan from what mysterious cause
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave ;
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
 Which

* *The Inflammation of the lungs.*

Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why
The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts ;
All hot and reeking from th'Olympic strife
And warm Palestre, in the tepid bath
Th'athletic youth relax'd their wearied limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to soothe and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'Tis not for those whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;
'Tis not for those to cultivate the skin
Too soft, or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways ;
For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious, waste
Of blood, degen'rate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move ; but, this restrain'd,
Or more or less, so more or less you feel
The functions labour : from this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air ;
Or waves that, when the blust'ring North embroils
The Baltic thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To ev'ry caprice of the sky ; nor thwart
The genius of your clime : for from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,

Which

Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores,
 The temper'd Scythian hence half-naked treads
 His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven:
 And hence our painted ancestors defied
 The East; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
 Th' equator heats or Hyperborean frost:
 Except, by habits foreign to its turn,
 Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r,
 Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
 By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
 Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
 And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
 Against the rigours of a damp cold heaven
 To fortify their bodies, some frequent
 The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
 I praise their dauntless heart: a frame so steel'd
 Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
 That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;
 The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone;
 No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts,
 But all things have their bounds: and he who makes
 By daily use the kindest regimen
 Essential to his health, should never mix
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life
 Without some shock endures; ill-fitted he
 To want the known, or bear unusual, things.
 Besides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
 Should never with your prosp'rous days of health
 Grow too familiar: for by frequent use
 The strongest medicines lose their healing pow'r,
 And ev'n the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
 Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,
 Or the wide flood thro' rich Indostan roll'd,
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave

Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
 Th' evaporation thro' the soften'd skin
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood :
 So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames,
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.

With us, the man of no complaint demands
 The warm ablution, just enough to clear
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is Poverty's worst woe ;
 With this external virtue Age maintains
 A decent grace ; without it, Youth and charms
 Are loathsome. This the venal Graces know ;
 So doubtless do your wives : for married fires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
 From foreign themes recall my wand'ring song.
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame,
 'Tis wisely done : for while the thirsty veins,
 Impatient of lean penury, devour
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
 Now while the stomach from the full repast
 Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil ;
 And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
 But from the recent meal no labours please,
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial pow'rs
 Claim all the wand'ring spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtle toil and great event,

A work

A work of time ; and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with untimely exercise,
 A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
 The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm,
 Much toil demands ; the lean elastic less.
 While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
 No labours are too hard : by these you 'scape
 The slow diseases of the torpid year,
 Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
 Is pleasure. Oh, from such inhuman pains
 May all be free who merit not the wheel !
 But from the burning Lion when the sun
 Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood,
 Too much already maddens in the veins,
 And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade
 Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
 No needless slight occasion should engage
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
 To shady walks and active rural sports
 Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
 Of humid skies ; tho' 'tis no vulgar joy
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
 While the soft ev'ning saddens into night ;
 Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves
 Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
 Expands her sable wings : great Nature droops
 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
 Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
 A pleasing lassitude : he not in vain
 Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
 His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose : on him the balmy dews
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.

But

But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
 And waken cheerful as the lively morn ;
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full ;
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils
 And trouble of the day to heavier toil
 Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that rocks
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy dæmons hurl, or in the main
 O'erwhelm, or bury straggling under ground.
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought ;
 While pale and monstrous panting shocks the soul,
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
 For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
 What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear :
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night,
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
 What season you to drowfy Morpheus give
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.

The

The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
 Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath ;
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor ; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd
 To cruel heavens. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?
 Oh shame ! oh pity ! nipt with pale Quadrille,
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

By toil subdued, the Warrior and the Hind
 Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon
 With generous streams the subtle tubes supply ;
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
 The sons of indolence with long repose
 Grow torpid ; and, with flowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
 Blunt ev'ry sense, and pow'rie's ev'ry limb.
 Ye prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
 On the hard matra's or elastic couch
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourself from sloth ;
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down ;
 Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supplied,
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
 But pliant nature more or less demands
 As custom forms her ; and all sudden change
 She hates of habit, ev'n from bad to good.
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,

From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
 Slow as the stealing progress of the ear.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
 Her seasons change! Behold, by slow degrees,
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
 The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
 And aged Autumn brews the Winter storm.
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void
 Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
 The two great periods of th' important year,
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
 He well advis'd, who taught our wiser sires
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
 And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains
 Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
 With fallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
 The omens of the year: what seasons teem
 With what diseases; what the humid South
 Prepares; and what the Dæmon of the East:
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
 Besides, whatever plagues, in heat, or cold,
 Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
 And taught already how to each extreme
 To bend your life. But should the public bane
 Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
 Or flaw of nature, hint morality:
 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides

Along

Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs ;
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins,
 Be Celsus call'd : the fates come rushing on ;
 The rapid fates admit of no delay,
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,
 Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
 Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah ! in what perils is vain life engag'd !
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy
 The hardiest frame ! Of indolence, of toil,
 We die ; of want, of superfluity :
 The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
 Is big with death. And, thro' the putrid South,
 Be shut ; tho' no convulsive agony
 Shake, from the deep foundation of the world,
 Th' imprison'd plagues ; a secret venom oft
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen !
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets !
 Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
 Albion the poison of the gods has drunk,
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the first Plantagenets had spent
 Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field ;
 While, for which tyrant England should receive,
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
 And daily horrors ; till the fates were drunk
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd :
 Another plague of more gigantic arm
 Arose, a monster never known before
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
 This rapid fury not, like other pests,
 Pursued a gradual course, but in a day

Rush'd as a storm o'er half th'astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence the quiv'ring spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within :
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires,
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats ; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still ;
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd :
A wild delirium came : their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs,
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking pow'rs
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a pond'rous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up : they slept and died.

In some, a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs ; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide :
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow ;
Of tinctures various, as the temp'ature
Had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid steams :
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign,
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd,
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd :
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd ;
 Of those infected fewer scap'd alive ;
 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow ;
 And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
 Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms :
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
 Some, sad at home, in the desert some,
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind ;
 In vain : where'er they fled the fates pursued.
 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
 To seek protection in far distant skies ;
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
 Was then at enmity with English blood.
 For, but the race of England, all were safe
 In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste
 The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
 Where should they fly ? the circumambient heaven
 Involv'd them still ; and ev'ry breeze was bane.
 Where find relief ? The salutary art
 Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease,
 In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
 To Heaven with suppliant trites they sent their pray'rs ;
 Heaven heard them not. Of ev'ry hope depriv'd ;
 Fatigued with vain resources ; and subdued
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear ;
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow,
 Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard.
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
 Infectious horror ran from face to face,
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell : and oft one bed, they say,
 The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd !

Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
 Of tottering Albion ! ye eternal fires
 That lead thro' heaven the wand'ring year ! ye pow'rs
 That

That o'er th' encircling elements preside !
 May nothing worse than what this age has seen
 Arrive ! Enough abroad, enough at home,
 Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
 Has thinn'd her cities ; from those lofty cliffs
 That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wint'ry reign :
 While in the west, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
 Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
 The death of cowards and of common men ;
 Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown ;

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
 And other themes invite my wand'ring song.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
 The use of toil, and all external things,
 Already fung ; it now remains to trace
 What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds,
 And how the subtle principle within
 Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
 The passive body. Ye poetic shades,
 That know the secrets of the world unseen,
 Assist my song ! for, in a doubtful theme
 Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

There is, they say (and I believe there is),
 A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
 That animates and moulds the grosser frame ;
 And, when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
 Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.
 Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
 The mortal elements ; in ev'ry nerve
 It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
 And, in its secret conclave, as its feels
 The body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r

Wields

Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady,

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes
The nat'ral, vital, functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild, and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's employ'd),
'Tis painful thinking, that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but long intent
On microscopic arts its vigour fails.
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears,
The Lover's paleness, and the fallow hue
Of Envy, Jealousy, the meagre stare
Of sore Revenge; the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd,
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With youthful studies you, and arts that please,
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.

Peace

Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage !
 And ever may all heavy systems rest !
 Yet some there are, ev'n of elastic parts,
 Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
 Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
 And gives to relish what their gen'rous taste
 Would else refuse. But may not thirst of fame,
 Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
 With constant drudgery the lib'ral soul
 Toy with your books : and, as the various fits
 Of humour seize you, from Philosophy
 To Fable shift, from serious Antonine
 To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read ;
 And lead aloud resounding Homer's strain,
 And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
 The chest so exercis'd improves its strength ;
 And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
 The restless blood, which in unactive days
 Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
 Deem it not trifling while I recommend
 What posture suits : to stand and sit by turns,
 As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
 To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
 And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
 The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
 Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser pow'rs :
 Quite unemploy'd against its own repose
 It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
 Than what the body knows embitter life.
 Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
 To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
 There Madness enters ; and the dim-eyed Fiend.
 Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale ;
 A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
 The cheerful face of nature ; earth becomes
 A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise :

Whate'er

Whate'er the wretched fears creating Fear
 Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
 A load of huge imagination heaves ;
 And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels
 With anxious flutt' rings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
 For while yourself you anxiously explore,
 Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,
 And ever galls you in your tender part.
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
 For grim religion some, and some for pride,
 Have lost their reason : some, for fear of want,
 Want all their lives ; and others, ev'ry day,
 For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.
 Ah ! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
 Those fatal guests ; and first the Demon Fear,
 That trembles at impossible events,
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
 And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
 Is there an evil worse than Fear itself ?
 And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
 Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?
 Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares
 Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb,
 Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
 Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
 For what may come, and leave the rest to Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
 These evils sprung, the most important health,
 That of the mind, destroy ; and when the mind

They

They first invade, the conscious body soon
 In sympathetic languishment declines.
 These chronic Passions, while from real woes
 They rise, and yet without the body's fault
 Infest the soul, admit one only cure ;
 Diversion, hurry, and a restless life,
 Vain are the consolation of the wife ;
 In vain your friends would reason down your pain,
 O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
 To soft distress, or friends untimely slain !
 Court not the luxury of tender thought !
 Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
 That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
 Go, soft enthusiast ! quit the cypress groves,
 Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
 Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
 Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd ;
 Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the wish
 Of nobler minds, and push them night and day,
 Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
 New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
 Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
 Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
 Where war grows hot ; and, raging thro' the sky,
 The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul ;
 And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
 Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
 And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
 Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
 Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion drink.
 Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dissolves
 In empty air, Elysium opens round.
 A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care ;
 And what was difficult, and what was dire,
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars :

The

The happiest you of all that e'er were mad.
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
 But soon your heaven is gone : a heavier gloom
 Shuts o'er your head : and, as the thund'ring stream,
 Swol'n o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook ;
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
 Subside, you languish into mortal man :
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
 For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.
 A heavy morning comes ; your cares return
 With unfoild rage. An anxious stomach well
 May be endur'd ; so may the throbbing heart ;
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
 Involves you ; such a dastardly despair
 Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
 When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ascend.
 You curse the sluggish Port ; you curse the wretch,
 The felon, with unnat'ral mixture first
 Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
 Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
 A thousand curses ; for to heaven it rapt
 Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
 Perhaps you rue ev'n that divinest gift,
 The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
 Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine ;
 And wish that Heaven from mortals had withheld,
 The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
 What follies in your loose unguarded hour
 Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
 Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend ;
 Or in the rage of wine, your hasty hand
 Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.
 Add, that your means, your health, your parts decay ;
 Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd,
They

They hardly know you ; or, if one remains
 To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven
 Despis'd, unwept, you fall ; who might have left
 A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name ;
 A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
 Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
 All sense and mem'ry of your former worth.

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
 The disappointments, and disgusts of those
 Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
 The precepts here of a divine old man
 I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
 His manly sense and energy of mind.
 Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
 He still remember'd that he once was young ;
 His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
 Him e'vn the dissolute admir'd : for he
 A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on ;
 And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
 Much more had seen ; he studied from the life.
 And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
 He pitied Man ; and much he pitied those
 Whom falsely-smiling Fate had curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
 Our aim is happiness : 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
 He said : 'tis the pursuit of all that live :
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd,
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
 Seek this coy goddess ; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
 Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
 Should ever roam : and were the fates more kind.
 Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick ;
 And,

And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
 That all was vanity, and life a dream.
 Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
 And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,
 Rather than tease her sated appetites.
 Who never falls, no banquets e'er enjoys;
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
 Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
 But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
 And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
 Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still
 A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
 Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
 Is Sense and Spirit, with Humanity:
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
 'Tis ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just.
 Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
 But at his heart the most undaunted son
 Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
 To noblest uses this determines wealth;
 This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days,
 The peace and shelter of adversity.
 And, if you pant for glory, build your fame
 On this foundation, which the secret shock
 Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time,
 The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
 The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
 That ev'n above the smiles and frowns of fate
 Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands

Can be transferr'd : it is the only good
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
 Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;
 Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
 Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
 But for one end, one much-neglected use,
 Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
 Are few, and without opulence supplied) :
 This noble end is, to produce the soul ;
 To shew the virtues in the fairest light ;
 To make humanity the minister
 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
 That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;
 And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.
 Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway
 He knew, as far as reason can controul
 The lawless pow'rs. But other cares are mine :
 Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
 What passions hurt the body, what improve ;
 Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
 Supports the mind, supports the body too.
 Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
 Is Hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul :
 It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
 Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths
 Of rugged life to lead us patient on,
 And make our happiest state no tedious thing,
 Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
 Is Hope ; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,
 And yet no friends to life : perhaps they please
 Or to excess, and dissipate the soul :
 Or, while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,
 The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer,

(If

(If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
 May safely mellow into love ; and grow
 Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
 Love in such bosoms never to a fault
 Or pains or pleases. But, ye finer souls,
 Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
 With all the tumults, all they joys and pains,
 That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve
 Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
 Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares,
 For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
 Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,
 Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
 The wholesome appetites and pow'rs of life
 Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
 The genial board ; your cheerful days are gone ;
 The gen'rous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
 To sighs devoted, and to tender pains,
 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
 And that fomented into serious love ;
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves
 Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
 If once you doubt whether you love or no :
 The body wastes away ; th'infect'd mind,
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
 Sweet Heaven from such intoxicating charms
 Defend all worthy breasts ! Not that I deem
 Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd,
 Love well repaid, and love too weakly sunk
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
 Adds bloom to health ; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
 A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
 And brightens all the ornaments of man.

But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
 With jealousy, fatigued with hope and fear,
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
 Unnerves the body, and unmans the soul.
 And some have died for love, and some run mad;
 And some with desp'rate hand themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
 A mad devotion to one dang'rous Fair,
 Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
 The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.
 Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
 A cure in this; there are who find it not.
 'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
 The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
 For while from fev'rish and tumultuous joys
 The nerves grow languid, and the soul subsides,
 The tender fancy smarts with ev'ry sting,
 And what was love before is madness now.
 Is health your care, or luxury your aim?
 Be temperate still: when Nature bids, obey;
 Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb:
 But when the prurient habit of delight,
 Or loose imagination, spurs you on
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not
 To Nature; Nature all compulsion hates.
 Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
 To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
 A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
 Of twining Lais melt your manhood down.
 For from the colliquation of soft joys
 How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!
 Languid and melancholy, gaunt and wan.
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
 Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
 Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
 A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues,

Rapid

Rapid and restless ; springs from part to part ;
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ;
 Your vigour pines : your vital pow'rs decay ;
 Diseases haunt you ; and untimely age
 Creeps on, unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
 Infatuate, impious epicure ! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health !
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition ev'ry hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone ;
 He chuses to be wretched, to be mad,
 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
 But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
 Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
 And shakes to ruin proud Philosophy.
 For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
 With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare ;
 Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
 Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength.
 How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
 Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend :
 Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
 Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
 Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades.
 But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
 At once, and rushes apoplectic down ;
 Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
 For, as the body thro' unnumber'd strings
 Reverberates each vibration of the soul ;
 As is the passion, such is still the pain
 The body feels ; or chronic, or acute.
 And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs
 The life, or gives your reason to the winds,
 Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
 And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are, meantime, to whom the boil'rous fit
 Is health, and only fills the sails of life ;

For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
 Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
 And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
 A generous folly spurns th' incumbent load,
 Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow,
 But, if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
 Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
 Wave all dispute; be cautious if you joke,
 Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl;
 For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
 Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
 And gives to horror all your days to come.
 Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
 And makes the happy wretched, in an hour
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
 As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong;
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight,
 'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
 If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
 But calm advice against a raging fit
 Avails too little; and it braves the pow'r
 Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
 To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
 And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,
 And wonder at the madness of mankind;
 Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
 The speculation of your wiser hours.
 Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
 With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
 What refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare?
 Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
 To cope with subtle or impetuous pow'rs,
 I would invoke new passions to your aid;
 With indignation would extinguish fear,
 With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,

And

And love with pride ; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a pow'r that sways the breast ;
 Bids every passion revel or be still ;
 Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves ;
 Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
 That pow'r is music : far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage ;
 Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
 Who move no passion justly but contempt ;
 Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong !) H
 Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
 The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts :
 Good Heaven ! we praise them ; we with loudest peal
 Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,
 And with insipid show of rapture die
 Of idiot notes impertinently long.
 But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
 A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
 Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast,
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
 Such was the bard whose heavenly strains of old
 Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
 And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
 And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
 Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable pow'rs of Hell,
 And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
 Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague ;
 And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
 One pow'r of physic, melody and song.

HECTOR—

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE'S PARTING,
BEFORE HE ENGAGES.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay ;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæen gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aetion's wealthy heir ;
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind :
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye :

Too daring prince ! ah, whither dost thou run ?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think'st thou not, how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain :
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
O grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb !
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows, as they first begun.

No.

* See the Plate.

No parent now remains my grief to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethern, all in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
O prove a husband's and a father's care!
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

Th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground,
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O Thou whose glory fills th'ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs, protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;
Against his country's foe the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, this chief transcends his father's fame;
While, pleas'd amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke; and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms:
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.

The

The troubled pleasure soon chafis'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

— The glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes :
His prince's parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look ; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant, in all weather ;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous ;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outfides, infides empty ;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts ;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid ;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen ;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions ;
Worth—beneath a threadbare cover,
Villany—bedaub'd all over ;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and some that never pray ;
Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
Some that will not, some that will ;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling ;
Many a bargain if you strike it,
This is London :—How d'ye like it ?

THE

THE WEARISOMENESS OF WHAT IS
COMMONLY CALLED A LIFE OF
PLEASURE.

By Mr. COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;
The lowring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And fullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears ;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and sates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb ; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearer lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it ; as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.

They

They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live,
 Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
 The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
 And their invet'rate habits all forbid,

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name,
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
 The peasant too, a witness of his song,
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
 But save me from the gaiety of those
 Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;
 And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
 For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
 From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

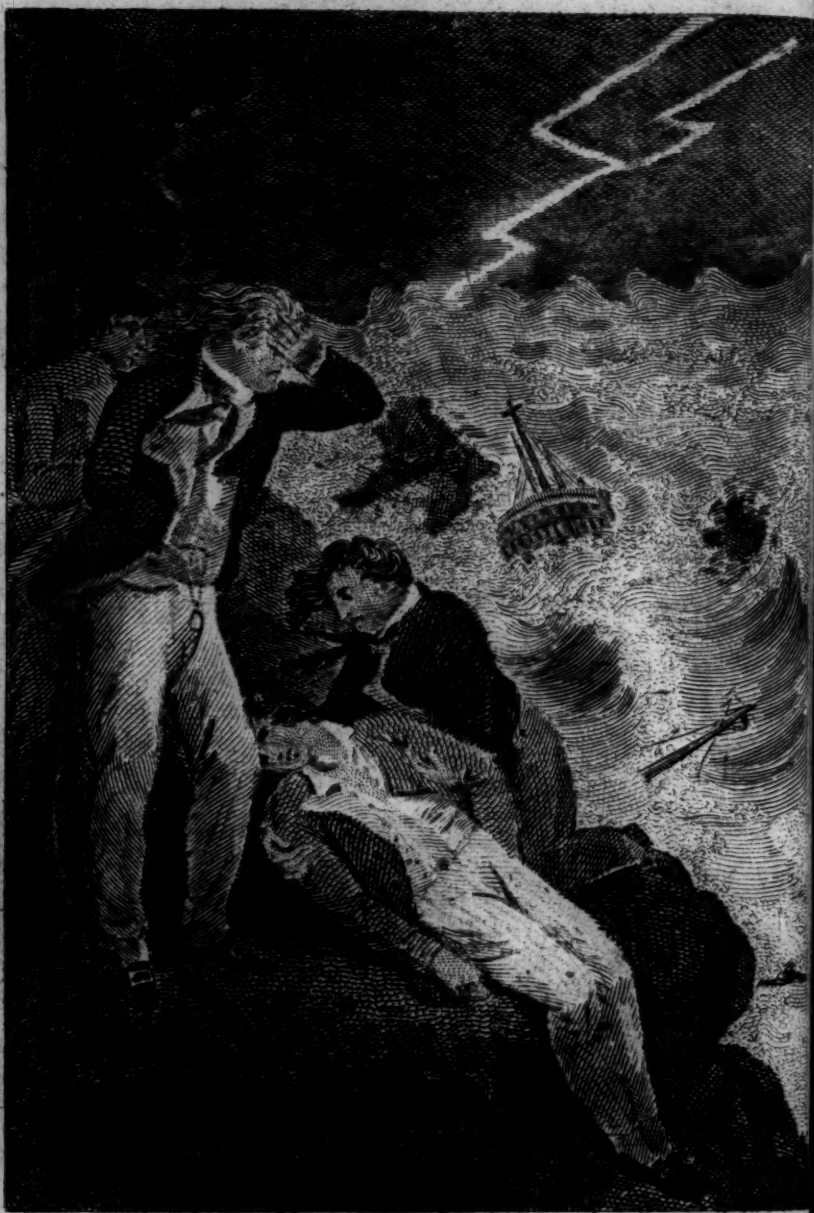
*Inscription on a Groto of the 57th Crux-Easton, the
 Work of Nine young Ladies.**

[POPE.]

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
 This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
 The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
 Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
 Beauty, which nature only can impart,
 And such a polish as disgraces art;
 But fate dispos'd them in his humble sort.
 And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

* Miss Lisle, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq. and
 sisters of Dr. Lisle.

5 00 57



Cruikshank del.

J. Murray. Sculp.

*Panting with eyes averted from the Day,
Prone helpless on the Tangly beach he lay
It is Palemon: — oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul!*

Published by J. Roach Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal Dec. 31. 1794

N^o 18.

ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POETS.

THE
SHIPWRECK

by W^m Falconer



The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas.

L O N D O N

Printed by J. Roach at the Britannia Printing Office Woburn
Street New-Drury Theatre Royal Dec: 31. 1794



T H E
S H I P W R E C K

By WILLIAM FALCONER.

C A N T O I.

ARGUMENT.

PROPOSAL of the Subject—Invocation—Apology—Allegorical Description of Memory—Appeal to her Assistance—The Story begun—Retrospect of the former Part of the Voyage—The Ship arrives at Candia—Ancient State of that Island—Present State of the adjacent Isles of Greece—The Season of the Year—Character of the Master and his Officers—Story of Palemon and Anna—Evening described—Midnight—The Ship weighs Anchor and departs from the Haven—State of the Weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring Shores—Operation of taking the Sun's Azimuth—Description of the Vessel as seen from the Land.

The scene is near the city of Candia; and the time about four days and a half.

The scene of the Second Canto lies in the sea, between Cape Freschin, in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spada.—The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the paleful vale with dire alarms;
While ocean hears vindictive thunder roll
Along his trembling wave, from pole to pole:
Sick of the scene, where war, with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;

Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
 Bids ruin smile, and drown the groans of death!
 'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
 That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
 Far other themes of deep distress to sing
 Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
 No pomp of battle swells th'exalted strain,
 Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
 But, o'er the scene, while pale remembrance weeps,
 Fate with fell triumph, rides upon the deeps.
 Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
 And lawless floods rebel against the skies;
 Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
 Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train who guide the maze of song,
 To whom all science, arts and arms belong;
 Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
 Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
 If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
 In life's fair morn beneath your hallow'd shade,
 To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
 And melt the heart with ecstacy of pain;
 Or listen, while the enchanting voice of love,
 While all Elysium warbled thro' the grove;
 Oh! by the hallow blast that moans around,
 That sweeps the mild harp with a plaintive sound;
 By the long surge that foams thro' yonder cave,
 Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
 With living colours give my verse to glow,
 The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
 A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
 To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
 Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine;
 Ah! will they leave *Pieria's* happy shore,
 To plow the tide where wintry tempests roar?
 Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
 Stranger to *Phœbus*, and the tuneful train!

Far from the muse's academic grove,
 'Tis his the vast and tractless deep to rove.
 Alternate change of climates does he know,
 Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
 Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.
 Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
 " A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast.*"
 From regions where *Peruvian* billows roar,
 To the bleak coasts of savage *Labrador*,
 From where *Damascus*, pride of *Asian* plains!
 Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
 To where the Isthmus † lav'd by adverse tides,
Atlantic and *Pacific* seas divides.
 But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,
 In fortune's wild illimitable chace,
 Adversity, companion of his way!
 Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
 Bade new distresses every instant grow,
 Marking each change of place with change of woe,
 In regions where the Almighty's chastening hand
 With livid pestilence afflicts the land:
 Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
 Parent of want and misery severe!

Or where all dreadful in th' embattl'd line,
 The hostile ships in flaming combat join:
 Where the torn vessel wind and waves assail,
 Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail.
 Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive fate
 Pursu'd his weary steps with lasting hate!
 Rous'd by her mandate, storms of black array
 Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
 Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
 And quench'd the kindling spark of vital fire.
 Thus while forgotten, or unknown he woos,
 What hope to win the coy, reluctant Muse!
 Then let not censure, with malignant joy,
 The harvest of his humble hope destroy!

A 2

Shakespeare.

† Darien.

His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
 Nor sculptur'd brads to tell the poet's name.
 If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
 The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
 Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
 While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale!

And lo! the power that wakes th' eventful song,
 Hastes hither from *Lethæan* banks along;
 She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
 Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!
 In her right hand an ample roll appears,
 Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
 With every wise and noble art of man,
 Since first the circling hours their course began:
 Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
 Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade,
 Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow,
 Like *Juno's* bird, or *Iris's* flaming bow,
 She sails; and swifter than the course of light
 Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
 The fugitive ideas she restores,
 And calls the wand'ring thought from *Lethe's* shores.
 To things long past a second date she gives,
 And hoary time from her fresh youth receives.
 Congenial sister of immortal fame,
 She shares her power, and Mem'ry is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval time!
 By whom transmitted down in every clime,
 The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
 And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
 Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
 And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light!
 Whose wing unerring glides thro' time and place,
 And trackless soars the immensity of space!
 Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
 What dire mishap a fated ship befell,
 Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores?
 Arise! approach! unlock thy treasure'd stores!

A ship from *Egypt*, o'er the deep impell'd
 By guiding winds, her course for *Venice* held;
 Of fam'd *Britannia* were the gallant crew,
 And from that isle her name the vessel drew.
 The wayward steps of fortune, that delude
 Full oft' to ruin, eager they pursu'd;
 And dazzled by her visionary glare,
 Advanc'd, incautious of each fatal snare;
 Tho' warn'd full oft the slipp'ry track to shun,
 Yet hope, with flatt'ring voice, betray'd them on.
 Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
 The scent of peace, and social joy resign'd.
 Long absent they from friends and native home,
 The cheerless ocean were inur'd to roam:
 Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
 Had crown'd each painful voyage with success:
 Still, to atone for toils and hazards past,
 Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,
 Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
 Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
 From *Albion's* coast, obsequious to the gale.
 She, o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
 Unwearying, wasted her commercial store.
 The richest ports of *Afric* she had view'd,
 Thence to fair *Italy* her course pursu'd;
 Had left behind *Trinacria's* burning isle,
 And visited the margin of the *Nile*.
 And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
 The circling voyage hastens to its goal;
 They, blind to fate's inevitable law
 No dark events to blast their hope foresaw;
 But from gay *Venice* soon expect to steer
 For *Britain's* coast, and dread no perils near.
 A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
 That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
 Their ship thro' *Grecian* seas the pilots guide.
 Occasion call'd to touch at *Candia's* shore,
 Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon explore;
 The haven enter, borne before the gale,
 Dispatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal Powers! what ruins from afar
 Mark the fell track of desolating war.
 Here Art and Commerce, with auspicious reign
 Once breath'd sweet influence on the happy plain!
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song
 Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along;
 In gay luxuriance *Ceres* too was seen
 To crown the vallies with eternal green.
 For wealth, for valor, courted and rever'd,
 What *Albion* is, fair *Candia* then appear'd,
 Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
 They bow to *Ottoman's* imperious yoke!
 No longer fame the drooping hearts inspire,
 For rude oppression quench'd his genial fire.
 But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
 Supply the barren shores of *Greece* around.
 What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles!
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
 The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
 And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil,
 A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
 No blooming *Venus* on the desert shore,
 Nor views, with triumph, captive gods adore.
 No lovely *Helens* now, with fatal charms,
 Call forth th' avenging chiefs of *Greece* to arms.
 No fair *Penelopes* enchant the eye,
 For whom contending kings are proud to die.
 Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
 While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay,
 Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
 Had dimly shone on *Albion's* happier plains!

Now in the southern hemisphere, the sun
 Thro' the bright *Virgin* and the *Scales* had run,
 And on the *ecliptic* wheel'd his winding way,
 Till the fierce *Scorpion* felt his flaming ray.
 The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand;
 Four days her anchors bite the golden sand:
 For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
 And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
 This when the autumnal *equinox* is o'er,
 And *Phabus* in the north declines no more,
 The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
 Off' deems the prelude of approaching storms,
 True to his trust, when sacred duty calls,
 No brooding storm the master's soul appals,
 Th' advancing season warns him to the main:
 A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!
 His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
 Expects the wind, to sail from *Candia's* bay;
 Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
 To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
 Whose voluntary gloom my verse inspire!
 Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
 Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
 Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
 Th'unblest pursuit of fortune higher drew?
 Can sons of *Neptune*, gen'rous, brave, and bold,
 In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?

They can! for gold, too oft, with magic art,
 Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart;
 This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
 To whom, in vain, sad merit pleads her cause;
 This sows with roses, life's perplexing road,
 And leads the way to pleasure's blest abode;
 With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
 And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
 Experienc'd *Albert* held the chief command;

Tho' train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
 Was yet by soft humanity refin'd,
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
 Aboard confest the father of his crew!
 Brave, lib'ral, just, the calm, domestic scene
 Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene;
 Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
 The planets wheeling in eternal race;
 To mark the ship in floating balance held,
 By earth attract'd and by seas repell'd;
 Or point her devious track, thro' climes unknown,
 That leads to every shore, and every zone.
 He saw the moon thro' heav'n's blue concave glide,
 And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
 While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
 Exalts her wat'ry zone, and sink the poles.
 Light and attraction, from her genial source,
 He saw still wand'ring with diminish'd force:
 While on the margin of declining day,
 Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
 Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
 The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll;
 His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
 Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.
 The second powers and office *Rodmond* bore;
 A hardy son of *England's* further shore!
 Where bleak *Northumbria* pours her savage train
 In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
 That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
 A footy tribe! to fair *Augusta's* port.
 Where'er in ambush lurks the fatal sands,
 They claim the danger; proud of skillful bands!
 For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
 The winding shore, or plow the faithless deep,
 O'er bar* and shelf the wat'ry path they sound,
 With dexterous arm; sagacious of the ground!

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth
 or sand, collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance
 of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult,
 and often dangerous.

Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
 Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclin'd,
 Expert to moor, where terrors line the roads;
 Or win the anchor from its dark abode:
 But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
 Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war,
 Such *Rodmond* was; by learning unrefin'd,
 That oft enlightens, to corrupt the mind.
 Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
 To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
 To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
 And freeze compassion rising in the soul
 Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the shore,
 With fowl intent the stranded bark explore.
 Deaf to the voice of woe her decks they board;
 While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword.
 Th' indignant muse, severely taught to feel,
 Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal
 Too oft' example, arm'd with poisons fell,
 Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell.
 Thus *Rodmond*, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
 The sacred, social passions never knew:
 Unskill'd to argue; in dispute yet loud;
 Bold without caution; without honours proud;
 In arts unschool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
 And all improvements haughtily despis'd:
 Yet tho' full oft' to future perils blind,
 With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
 Thro' snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
 When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To *Rodmond* next, in order of command,
 Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
 But what avails it to record a name
 That courts no rank amongst the sons of fame?
 While yet a stripling, oft' with fond alarms,
 His bosom danc'd to nature's boundless charms:
 On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
 Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower;
 But frowning fortune with untimely blast,
 The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.

Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,
 Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea ;
 With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
 Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
 Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
 Antiquities of nations, now no more ;
 To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
 And range excursive o'er th' untravel'd zone.
 In vain! for rude adversity's command,
 Still on the margin of each famous land,
 With unrelenting ire his steps oppos'd,
 And every gate of hope against him clos'd.
 Permit my verse, ye blest *Pierian* train,
 To call *Arion* this ill-fated swain!
 For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
 Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
 Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
 With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep,
 And both the raging surge in safety bore
 Amid destruction panting to the shore.
 This last our tragic story from the wave
 Of dark oblivion happy yet may save ;
 With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
 While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

Such were the pilots ; tutor'd to divine
 Th' untravel'd course by geometric line :
 Train'd to command, and range the various sail,
 Whose various force conforms to every gale.
 Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
 A gallant youth, *Palemon* was his name :
 A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
 He came, the victim of unhappy love !
 His heart for *Albert's* beauteous daughter bled !
 For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
 Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
 The genuine passion ; nature's eldest born !
 'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
 While blooming *Anna* mourn'd the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
 Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
 To her *Palemon* told his tender tale,
 Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
 O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
 The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
 Oft' in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
 Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love:
 By fond society their passion grew,
 Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
 In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
 Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
 With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confess.
 Long had he listen'd with suspicious ear,
 And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
 Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
 A heart to nature's warm impressions true!
 Full oft' his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
 With avarice to pollute that generous soil;
 That soil, impregnated with nobler seed
 Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
 Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
 And basking in the smile of fortune's sun,
 With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
 That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
 Indignant he rebuk'd the enamour'd boy,
 The flattering promise of his future joy!
 He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
 Oft' led the youth where circling joys delight
 The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
 With all her pow'rs, enchanting music fail'd,
 And pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
 The merchant kindling then with proud disdain,
 In look and voice assum'd an harsher strain.
 In absence now his only hope remain'd;
 And such the stern decree his will ordain'd;
 Deep anguish, while *Palemon* heard his doom,
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.

In vain with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that fordid mind;
To thee, brave *Albert*, was the charge consign'd,
The stately ship, forsaking *England's* shore,
To regions far remote *Palemon* bore.
Incapable of change, th'unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair *Anna* with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him since young *Arion* first was known;
Who, wandering here thro' many a scene renown'd,
In *Alexandria's* port the vessel found;
Where anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft', by pale *Cynthia's* melancholy light,
With him *Palemon* kept the watch of night;
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd,
Perhaps *Arion* soon the cause divin'd,
Tho' thuning still to probe a wounded mind;
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Tho' glad the balm of comfort to bestow;
He, with *Palemon*, oft' recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love, with ancient lore
Recall'd to memory oft' th' adjacent shore.
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore:
For in one tide their passion seem'd to roll,
By kindred age, and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew!
Her wing of deepest shade oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress,
And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.

High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
 O'er *Ida* flaming with meridian ray.
 Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,
 Where famine, war, and storms are felt no more:
 The hour to social pleasure they resign,
 And black remembrance drown in gen'rous wine.
 On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
 Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast,
 The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost.
 But with *Arion*, from the sultry heat
 Of noon, *Palemon* sought a cool retreat,
 And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd*:
 The rampart tore with many a fatal wound:
 The ruin'd bulwark, tott'ring o'er the strand,
 Bemoans the stroke of war tremendous hand.
 What scenes of war's this hapless isle o'erspread!
 Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
 Full twice twelve summers were yon tow'rs assail'd,
 'Till barbarous *Ottoman* at length prevail'd:
 While thund'ring mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
 While heroes fell and domes and temples burn'd,
 But now before them happier scenes arise!
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes:
 Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
 Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
 The myrtles here with fond caresses twine;
 There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.—
 And lo! the stream, renown'd in classic song,
 Sad *Lethe*, glides the silent vale along.
 On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
 The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:

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* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever-memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks, in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,
 And with sweet melancholy charm'd the soul.
 Here first *Palemon*, while his pensive mind
 For consolation on his friend reclin'd,
 In pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
 Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
 Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance taught,
 My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
 In vain it courts the solitary shade,
 By every action, every look betray'd!—
 The pride of generous woe disdains appeal
 To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
 Yet sure, if right *Palemon* can divine,
 The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
 Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
 And prove the kind companion of his woe.

Albert thou know'st with skill and science grac'd,
 In humble station tho' by fortune plac'd;
 Yet, never seaman more serenely brave
 Led *Britain's* conquering squadrons o'er the wave.
 Where full in view *Augusta's* spires are seen,
 With flowery lawns, and waving woods between,
 A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
 Where *Thames*, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
 There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
 A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
 For his return, with fond officious care,
 Still every grateful object these prepare;
 Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
 Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

This blooming maid, in virtue's path to guide,
 Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd:
 Her spotless soul, where soft compassion reign'd,
 No vice untun'd, no sickening folly stain'd,
 Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
 Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
 Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
 Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms.

Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dress,
 The smile of maiden-innocence express'd;
 While health, that rises with the new-born day,
 Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
 Still in her look complacence smil'd serene;
 She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene.

'Twas at that season when the fields resume
 Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom:
 Yon' ship, rich freighted from the *Italian* shore,
 To *Thame's* fair banks her costly tribute bore:
 While thus my father saw his ample board,
 From this return; with recent treasures stor'd:
 Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent
 To *Albert's* humble mansion; soon I went,
 Too soon, alas; unconscious of th' event—
 There, struck with sweet surprize and silent awe,
 The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw:
 There wounded first by love's resistless arms,
 My glowing bosom throb'd with strange alarms.
 My ever charming *Anna*! who alone
 Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone:
 Oh! while all conscious mem'ry holds her power,
 Can I forget that sweet and painful hour,
 When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
 My fluttering spirits first the infection caught;
 When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
 The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid;
 While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
 And every limb unstrung with terror shook!
 With all her powers dissenting reason strove
 To tame at first the kindling flame of love!
 She strove in vain! subdu'd by charms divine,
 My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.
 Oft' from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
 In happier scenes to see my lovely maid,
 Full oft', where *Thames* his wandering current leads,
 We rov'd at evening hour thro' flow'ry meads.
 There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
 To her with tender sighs my heart appeal'd.

While she, sweet nymph, my tender tale believ'd,
 Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd :
 For, train'd in rural scenes, from earliest youth,
 Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
 She never knew the city damsel's art,
 Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart !——
 My suit prevail'd : for love inform'd my tongue,
 And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
 Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
 And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.—
 Thrice happy hours ! where with no dark allay,
 Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day !
 For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,
 From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
 Elysian scenes, too happy long to last !
 Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast !
 Too soon some demon to my father bore
 The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.
 My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
 A while he labour'd to degrade my choice :
 Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure sought,
 From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
 With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
 In chains of adamant, the lawless wind :
 For love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure ;
 Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
 With alienated look, each art he saw
 Still baffled by superior nature's law.
 His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd,
 At last on cruel exile he resolv'd.
 The rigorous doom was fix'd ! alas ! how vain
 To him of tender anguish to complain !
 His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
 By social sympathy could never melt,
 With stern command to *Albert's* charge he gave,
 To waft *Palemon* o'er the distant wave.

The ship was laden, and prepar'd to sail,
 And only waited now the leading gale.

'Twas ours in that sad period first to prove
 The heart-felt torments of despairing love;
 Th' impatient wish that never feels repose;
 Desire that with perpetual current flows;
 The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
 Joys distant still, and sorrows ever near!
 Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
 The western breezes inauspicious blew,
 Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
 The vessel parted on the falling tide;
 Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied.
 The night was silent, and advancing fall,
 The moon o'er *Thames* her silver mantle cast.
 Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
 And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
 Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,
 She came confess! the lovely maid drew near!
 But ah! what force of language can impart
 Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
 O! ye, whose melting heart is form'd to prove
 The trembling ecstasies of genuine love!
 When, with delicious agony, the thought
 Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
 Your secret sympathy alone can tell
 What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
 O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
 While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!

In transport lost, by trembling hope impress,
 The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
 While her's congenial beat with fond alarms!
 Dissolving sweetness! paradise of charms!
 Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
 Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
 O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt
 With joys that guilty pleasure never felt!
 Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
 And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!

Ah ! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
 While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
 For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
 Such flattering fond ideas entertain ?
 My heart thro' scenes of fair illusion stray'd
 To joys decreed for some superior maid.

'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
 Where never gentle hope affords relief.

Go then, dear youth, thy father's rage atone,
 And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone !

The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease :

Go then, dear youth ! nor tempt the faithless seas !

Find out some happier daughter of the town,

With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown :

Where smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,

Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.

Too well thou know'st good *Albert's* niggard fate,

Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate ;

Go then, I charge thee, by the generous love,

That fatal to my father thus may prove !

On me alone let dark affliction fall !

Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.

Then haste thee hence, *Palemon*, e'er too late,

Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate.

She ceas'd ; white anguish in her angel face

O'er all her beauties shew'd celestial grace.

Not *Helen*, in her bridal charms array'd,

Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.

O soul of all my wishes ! I reply'd,

Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide !

Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth !

To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth ;

And I, perfidious ! all that sweetness see

Consign'd to lasting misery for me ?

Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom

Palemon in the silent earth entomb.

Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night !

Whose lustre sickens at the mournful sight ;

By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
 That sweet possession only knows to heal!
 By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
 Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
 Tho' tyrant duty o'er me threat'ning stands,
 And claims obedience to her stern commands;
 Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
 Her smile or frown shall never change my love;
 My heart, that now must every joy resign,
 Incapable of change, is only thine! —
 O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
 And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
 While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
 All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
 The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
 Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.
 For this prosperity with brighter ray,
 In smiling contrasts gild our vital day.
 Thou too, sweet maid, e'er twice ten moons are o'er,
 Shall hail *Palemon* to his native shore,
 Where never interest shall divide us more.

Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
 Now found an interval of short relief;
 So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
 Beneath the wint'ry sun's deporting beam.
 With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
 And gave the signal of a sad adieu.
 As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
 A thousand racking doubts her spirits wrung,
 She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
 Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
 With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
 And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
 While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
 She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs —
 Look down with pity, oh, ye powers above,
 Who hear the sad complaints of bleeding love!
 Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,
 Alone can tell if he returns no more:

Or if the hour of future fate remain,
 Long wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!
 Bid every guardian minister attend,
 And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!

With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
 And urg'd by strong attraction met again;
 At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,
 While tender passion stream'd in either heart,
 Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
 Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
 Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft,
 She to her silent couch retir'd to weep,
 While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief,
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.
 The hapless bird thus ravish'd from the skies,
 Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
 In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
 Compos'd at length, his sadly-warbling strain
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls
 Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls;
 Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
 The secret wound you tremble to reveal!
 Ah! may no wanderer of the faithless main
 Pour thro' your breast the lost delicious bane!
 May never fatal tenderness approve
 The fond effusions of their ardent love,
 O! warn'd by friendship's counsel, learn to shun,
 The fatal paths where thousands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
 Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
 First, with attention rous'd, *Arion* ey'd
 The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride,

His frame the happiest symmetry display'd,
 And locks of waving gold his neck array'd;
 In every look the Paphian graces shine,
 Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
 With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
 Like young *Adonis*, or the son of *May*.
 Not *Cytherea* from a fairer swain,
 Receiv'd her apple on the *Trojan* plain.

The sun's bright orb declining, all serene,
 Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
 Creation smiles around, on every spray
 The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
 Blithe skipping o'er yon hill the fleecy train
 Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
 The golden lime and orange there were seen,
 On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
 The crystal streams that velvet meadows lave,
 To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
 The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
 But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
 And lo! his surface, lovely to behold,
 Glows in the west, a sea of lively gold!
 While, all above, a thousand liveries gay,
 The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
 Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
 While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
 With long vibration deepens o'er the vale:
 While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
 With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
 With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
 Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
 Now radiant *Hesper* leads the starry train,
 And night flow draws her veil o'er land and main.
 Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring,
 By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing,
 As love or battle, hardships of the main,
 Or genial wine, awake their homely strain.

Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise,
The waning moon, behind a wat'ry shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.
While young *Arien* sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swims the visions of the night.
Now blooming *Anna*, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the happy *Hymeneal* fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flash'd between,
And funeral pomp and weeping loves are seen:
Now with *Palmon* up a rocky sleep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the rocky deep,
With painful step he climb'd: while far above
Sweet *Anna* charm'd him with the voice of love;
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung:
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boisterous cry;
All hands unmoor! the cavern'd rocks reply!
Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlafs * arm.

* The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically by a number of long bars or levers, in which operation it is prevented from recoiling by the pauls.

The order given, up-springing with a bound,
 They lodge the bars, and wheel their engines round :
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
 Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
 'The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And high in air the canvas wings extend :
 Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
 And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
 The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
 To light the vessel o'er the silver stream :
 Along the glassy plane serene she glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides,
 From east to north the transient breezes play,
 And in the *Egyptian* quarter soon decay.
 A calm ensues : they dread th' adjacent shore ;
 The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before :
 With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow*.
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
 And pealing shouts the shore of *Candia* rend.
 Success attends their skill ; the danger's o'er,
 The port is doubled and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the light,
 Scatter'd before her, van reluctant night.
 She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
 But sternly frowning wrapt in sullen shade.
 Above incumbent vapours, *Ida's* height,
 Tremendous rock ! emerges on the light.
 North-east the guardian isle of *Scandia* lies,
 And westward *Freschin's* woody cape arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton sails
 Spread all their tuars to catch the wanton gales,

* Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forwards, by means of ropes, extending from her fore-part, to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

The swelling stud-fails* now their wings extend,
 Then stay-fails side-long to the breeze ascend.
 While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd;
 With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

The dim horizon low'ring vapours shroud,
 And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud:
 Thro' the wide atmosphere, condens'd with haze,
 His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
 The pilots now their rules of art apply,
 The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
 The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray†
 The quadrant's shadow studious they survey!
 Along the arch the gradual index slides,
 While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
 Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
 Their sage experience thus explores the height
 And polar distance of the source of light;
 Then thro' the chiliads triple maze they trace
 Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
 The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
 No more th' attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
 Majestically flow, before the breeze,
 In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
 Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,
 While trembling thro' the green translucent stream.

* Studding-fails are long, narrow fails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square-fails. Stay-fails are three-cornered fails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

† The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.

The wales,* that close above in contrast shone,
 Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
 Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
 Gaz'd o'er the vassal wave that roll'd below :
 Where'er she mov'd the vassal waves were seen
 To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
 Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter hand,
 Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
 Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
 And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
 Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
 Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
 There her bold genius in his floating car,
 O'er the wild billows hurls the storm of war—
 And lo; the beasts that oft with jealous rage
 In bloody combat met, from age to age,
 Fam'd into union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
 Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
 From the broad margin to the centre grew
 Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!
 Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
 When first her head above the waters heav'd.
 Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
 A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast :
 There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
 The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
 Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
 Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
 Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
 Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
 Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave,
 The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
 On the broad stern a pencil warm and bold,
 That never fertile rules of art controul'd,

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* The wales here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which envelope the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which separates the bottom from the upper works.

An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd,
 There a young hero; here a royal maid.
 Fair *England's* genius, in the youth express'd,
 Her ancient foe, but now her friend, confess'd.
 The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd:
 No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd
 His look, that once shot terror from afar,
 Like young *Alcides*, or the god of war,
 Serene as summer's evening skies she saw:
 Serene, yet firm; tho' mild, impressing awe.
 His nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
 Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.
 The dreadful faulchion of the hills she wore,
 Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
 That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
 Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
 Flash'd, like the meteors of her native sky.
 Her crest, high plum'd, was rough with many a scar,
 And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
 The warrior youth appear'd a noble frame;
 The hardy offspring of some Runic dame,
 Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
 Renown'd in song, the terror of the foe!
 The sword, that oft the barb'rous north defy'd,
 The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side.
 Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
 The *George* imblazon'd on his corselet shone.
 Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
 Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;
 Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
 Or waft rapt fancy through the gates of hell——
 Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
 The songs of heaven! the music of the spheres!
 Borne on *Newtonian* wing thro' air she flies,
 Where other suns to other systems rise!
 These front the scene conspicuous——over head
 Albion's proud oak her filial branches spread:
 While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood——
 Beneath their feet, the father of the flood——

Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
 Perch'd by the martial maid, the bird of *Jove*,
 There on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
 With eyes of fire, an *English* mastiff lay.
 Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail:
 Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
 High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
 Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
 Deep-blushing armors all the tops invest,
 And warlike trophies either quarter dress'd:
 Then tow'd the masts: the canvas swell'd on high;
 And waving streamers floated in the sky.
 Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day,
 Thus, like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain,
 The pride and wonder of the *Ægean* main!

C A N T O II.

ARGUMENT.

REFLECTION on leaving the land—The gale continues—
 A water spout—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The ship's
 progress along the shore—Wind strengthens—The sails re-
 duced—A shoal of porpoises—Last appearance of Cape
 Spada—Sea arises—A squall—The sails further diminished
 —Main-sail split—Ship bears away before the wind—Again
 hauls upon the wind—Another main-sail fitted to the yard
 —The gale still encreases—Top-sails furled—Top-gallant
 yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-set—Courses reefed
 —Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard arm—Anxiety of
 the pilots from their dangerous situation—Resolute beha-
 viour of the sailors—The ship labours in great distress—
 The artillery thrown overboard—Dismal appearance of the
 weather—Very high and dangerous sea—Severe fatigue of
 the crew—Consultation and resolution of the officers—
 Speech and advice of Albert to the crew—Necessary dispo-
 sition to veer before the wind—Disappointment in the pro-
 posed effect—New dispositions equally unsuccessful—The
 mizen-mast cut away.

A DIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
 Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene,
 To me in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
 With summer crown'd the *Elysian* vallies smile!
 To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
 But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
 For these, alas! reluctant I forego,
 To visit storms and elements of woe!
 Ye tempests o'er my head congenial roll,
 To suit the mournful music of my soul!

In black progression, lo! they hover near :
 Hail social horrors, like my fate severe !
 Old Ocean hail, beneath whose azure zone
 The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
 Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
 And fearless view this awful scene with me !
 Ye native guardians of your country's laws !
 Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause !
 The *Muse* invites you : judge if she depart,
 Unequal, from the precepts of your art,
 In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
 Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
 Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
 And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.—
 The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
 With trembling joy dilate *Palemon's* soul :
 Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
 Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
 Already *Britain's* parent cliffs arise,
 And in idea greet his longing eyes !
 Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
 Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
 Even they th' impressivè dart of love can feel,
 Whose stubborn souls are sheath'd in triple steel.
 Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
 Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth :
 In distant bosoms equal ardors glow,
 And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.
 Tall *Ida's* summit now more distant grew,
 And *Jove's* high hill was rising on the view :
 When from the left approaching, they descry
 A liquid column towering shoot on high.
 The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
 Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
 Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
 Scattering dun night and horror thro' the skies.

The swift volution and th' enormous train
 Let fages vers'd in nature's lore explain !
 The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
 And white with foam the whirling surges fly !
 The guns were prim'd : the vessel northward veers
 Till her black battery on the column bears.
 The nitre fir'd ; and while the dreadful sound,
 Convulsive shook the slumbering air around,
 The wat'ry column, trembling to the sky,
 Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high !
 Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
 Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell.
 But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
 The sea subsides ; the whirlwinds rage no more.
 While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
 Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
 In front they view the consecrated grove
 Of cypress, sacred once to *Cretan Jove*,
 The thirsty canvas, all around supplied,
 Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
 And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
 A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
 From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,
 Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
 Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
 Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
 One in redoubling mazes wheel along,
 And glides unhappy, near the triple prong.
 Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
 The barbed steel, and every turn attends ;
 Unerring a'm'd, the missile weapon flew,
 And, plunging, struck the fated victim thro'
 Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain :
 On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
 But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
 And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
 What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight !
 What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !

Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
 With parting beams all o'er profusely drest,
 Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
 When orient dew's impearl th' enamell'd lawn,
 Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
 That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
 Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view;
 And emulate the soft celestial hue:
 Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye;
 And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
 But here description clouds each shining ray:
 What terms of art can nature's power display?

Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale she feels,
 The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
 The auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
 From their high stations sink by slow degrees,
 The watchful ruler of the helm no more,
 With fix'd attention, eyes th' adjacent shore;
 But by the oracle of truth below,
 The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
 The wind, that still the impressiv' canvas swell'd,
 Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
 Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
 Till far behind the hill of *Jove* is lost:
 And, while aloof from *Reuma* she steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
 Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove,
 That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of *Jove*.
 Here too, memorial of his name! is found
 A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
 This gloomy tyrant, whole triumphant yoke
 The trembling states around to slavery broke,
 Thro' *Greece*, for murder, rape, and incest known,
 The Muses rais'd to high *Olympus's* throne.
 For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
 The Prince, whom blushing virtue holds in scorn.
 Still *Rome* and *Greece* record his endless fame:
 And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
 Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'erCALL;
 The black'ning ocean curls: the winds arise;
 And the dark scud in swift succession flies.*
 While the swoln canvas bends the mast on high,
 Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie,†
 The sailors now to give the ship relief,
 Reduce the topsails by a single reef;‡
 Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
 Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels,
 Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain:
 And, soon reduc'd, assume their post again.
 More distant grew receding *Candia's* shore;
 And southward of the west *Cape Spado* bore.

- Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
 Had left, and o'er *Atlantic* regions shone:
 Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
 Drawn o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade,
 A squall deep low'ring blots the southern sky,
 Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.

* Scud is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts is called the weather-side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee-side.—Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

‡ The topsails are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

Its weight the topfails can no more sustain,
 Reef topfails, reef, the boatswain calls again!
 The haliards* and top-bowlines † soon are gone,
 To clue-lines and reef tackles ‡ next they run:
 The shivering sails descend: and now they square
 The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.
 The weather-earings and the lee they pass §;
 The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
 Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
 And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
 It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep,
 Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
 In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
 The wayward Sisters scour the blasted heath.
 With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
 And storm and cataract tumultuous blend,
 Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies——
 Brail up the mizen quick! the master cries||.

* Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow lines are lines intended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and prevent it from shaking in an unfavorable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled.—Reef tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

§ Earings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails and also the extremities of the reefs are fastened to the yard-arms.

|| The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-mast.

Man the clue-garnet !* let the main-sheet fly !†
 The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
 And swift and fatal as the light'ning's course,
 Thro' the torn main-sails burst and thund'ring force,
 While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
 Still on her flank the slooping bark inclin'd,—
 Bear up the helm ‡ a-weather ! *Rodmond* cries ;
 Swift at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
 The prow with secret instinct veers apace :
 And now the fore-sail right athwart they brace ;
 With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail,
 Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
 While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
 Th' attentive timoneer § the helm applies,
 As in pursuit along th' aerial way,
 With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey ;
 Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
 Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid space ;
 So, govern'd by the steersman's heavy hands
 The regent helm her motion still commands.

* Clue-garnets are employed for the same purposes on the main-sail and fore-sail as the clue-lines are upon all other square-sails.

† It is necessary in this place to remark, that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues, or lower corners of the sails to which they are attached. To the main-sail and fore-sail there is a sheet and tack on each side ; the latter of which is a thick rope serving to confine the weather-clue of the sail down to the ship's side, whilst the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side wind.

‡ The helm is said to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed, is turned by the side of the ship next the wind.

§ Timoneer (from timonnier, Fr.) the helmsman, or steersman.

But now the transient squall to leeward past,
 Again she rallies to the sudden blast.
 The helm to starboard * turns; with wings inclin'd
 The sidelong canvas clasps the faithless wind.
 The mizen draws; the springs aloof once more,
 While the fore-stay-sail † balances before.

The fore-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
 They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
 Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
 And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end,
 The topails next they haste: the buntlines gone,
 The cluelines thro' their wheel'd machinery run:
 On either side below the sheets are mann'd;
 Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand.
 Once more the top-sail, tho' with humbler plume,
 Mounting aloft their ancient post resume.
 Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd ‡;
 And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
 In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent,
 With brails § refix'd another soon prepar'd,
 Ascending, ipreads along beneath the yard.

* The helm being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and vice versa. Hence the helm being put a starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

† This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore-topmast-stay-sail, is a triangular sail that runs upon the fore-topmast-stay, over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

‡ A yard is said to be braced, when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this service are accordingly called braces.

§ The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are in a general sense, called brails.

To each yard arm the head rope * they extend,
 And soon their earings and the roe-bins † bend.
 That task perform'd, they first the braces ‡ slack,
 Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack;
 And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
 Taught aft the sheet, they tally and belay §.

Now to the north, from *Afric's* burning shore,
 A troop of porpoises their course explore;
 In curling wreaths they gambol on the ride,
 Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide:
 Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
 That burn in sparkling trails along the main,
 These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
 When threat'ning clouds th' etherial vault deface,
 Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,
 To shun the fury of the approaching storm.
 Fair *Candia* now no more beneath her lee,
 Protects the vessel from the insulting sea;
 Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
 Rous'd from their secret deeps the billows roll.
 Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
 And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
 The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid;
 From *Candia's* bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,

* The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

† Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are small cords, used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

‡ Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

§ Taught implies stiff, tense, or extended strait: and tally is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To belay, is to fasten.

No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
 But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.
 Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
 And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe,
 As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
 Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
 Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
 But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight;
 Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
 The bounding vessel dances on the tide.
 Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
 And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
 The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
 And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
 Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again;
 Cluelines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain;
 Clued up each topsail, and by braces squar'd:
 The seamen climb aloft on either yard,
 They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind,
 The yard, by rolling tackles * then confin'd,
 While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
 Like a hoarse mastiff, thro' the storm he cries:
 Prompt to direct the unskilful still appears;
 'Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
 Now some to strike top-gallant † yards attend;
 Some travellers ‡ up the weather backflays § send;
 At each mast head the top-ropes || others bend.

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D

* The rolling-tackle is an assemblage of pullies, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter, by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

† It is usual to send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm; they are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

‡ Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the back-flay, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the

The youngest sailors from the yards above,
 Their purrels * lift † and braces soon remove;
 Then topt an end, and to the travellers tied,
 Charg'd with their sails, they down the back-stays slide,
 The yards secure along the booms ‡ reclin'd;
 While some the flying cords aloft confin'd,
 Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
 Awhile the crew relax from toils severe,
 Awhile their spirits, with fatigue oppress'd,
 In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest;
 But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
 And watery hills in fell succession flow,
 A dismal shade o'ercalls the frowning skies;
 New troubles grow, new difficulties rise.

top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

§ Backstays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the topmast heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

|| Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

* The purrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

† Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raise one yard arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.

‡ The booms in this place imply any masts or yards lying on the deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.

No season this from duty to descend!—
All hands on deck th' eventful hour attend.

His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray.
His sick'ning fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns!
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pump, no blushing glories cast.
No ray of friendly light is seen around:
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.

The ship no longer can her courses* bear;
To reef the courses is the master's care:
The sailors summon'd aft, a daring band;
Attend th' unfolding brails at his command.
But here the doubtful officers dispute,
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.---
Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd;
Still to the hostile fury of the wind
Releas'd the sheet, and kept the track confin'd.
To long tried practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
But the sage master, this advice declines;
With whom *Arion* in opinion joins.
The watchful seaman whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretels th' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject.
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;
And he who strives the tempests to disarm,
Will never first embrace the lee yard-arm.

D 2

* The courses are generally known to be the mainsail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts: the term is, however, sometimes taken in a larger sense.

The master said:—obedient to command,
 To raise the tack the ready sailors stand*.
 Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
 Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
 The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by†
 The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.
 Thus all prepar'd, Let go the sheet, he cries;
 Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies;
 Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd,
 High o'er the lee-yard arm the canvas swell'd:
 By spilling-lines ‡ embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
 It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
 The foresail then secur'd, with equal care
 Again to reef the main-sail they repair.
 While some high mounted over-hawl the tie,
 Below the down-hawl tackle § others ply.

* It has been remarked before, that the tack is always fastened to windward; accordingly as soon as it is cast loose and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard: and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.

† It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

‡ The spilling lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

§ The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot be easily lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to hawl it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling tackle.

Jears*, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
 Along the mast the willing yard descends.
 When lower'd sufficient they securely brace;
 And fix the rolling tackle in its place;
 The reef-lines, † and their ear-rings now prepar'd,
 Mounting on pliant shrouds ‡ they man the yard,
 Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
Arion there, the hardy boatswain here;
 That in the van to front the tempest hung:
 This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd, clung,
 Each ear-ring to its station, first they bend;
 The reef-band § then along the yard extend:
 The circling ear-rings, round th' extremes entwin'd,
 By outer and by inner turns || they bind.

D 3.

* Jears are the same to the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, as the halliards are to all the inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

† Reef-lines are only used to reef the main-sail and fore-sail. They are passed in spiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

‡ Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast-heads downwards to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders by which the seamen ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

§ The reef-band is a long piece of canvas sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

|| The outer turns of the ear-ring serve to extend the sail along the yard: and the inner turns are employed to confine its head rope close to its surface.

From hand to hand, the reef-lines, next receiv'd;
Thro' eye-let holes, and robbin-legs were reev'd.
The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou *Arion* ! held the leeward post,
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil,
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer and relate.

For while their orders those aloft attend,
To furl the main-sail, or on deck descend,
A sea * up-surg'ing with tremendous roll,
To distant ruin seems to doom the whole.
O friends secure your hold ! *Arion* cries,
It comes all dreadful, slooping from the skies !
Uplifted on its horrid edge, she feels
The shock, and on her side half buried reels :
The sail, half buried in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the seaman gave ;
While from its margin, terrible to tell !
Three sailors with their gallant boatwain fell.
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard infold :
In vain to grapple flying cords they try ;
The cords, alas ! a solid gripe defy !
Prone on the midnight surge with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee ;
With fruitless sorrow their lost fate bemoan ;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own !

* A sea is the general name given by sailors to a single wave or billow ; hence when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have shipp'd a sea.

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
 Nor can determine on the next command.
 Tho' still they know the vessel's armed side
 Impenetrable to the clasping tide;
 Tho' still the waters by no secret wound
 A passage to her deep recesses found;
 Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
 A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore!
 Should they, tho' reef'd, again their sails extend,
 Again in fluttering fragments they may rend:
 Or should they stand beneath the dreadful strain,
 The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
 Too late to weather * now *Morea's* land,
 Yet verging fast to *Athen's* rocky strand.
 Thus they lament the consequence severe,
 Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.
 Long in their minds revolving each event,
 At last to furl the courses they consent.
 That done to reef the mizen next agree,
 And try † beneath it, sidelong in the sea.
 Now down the mast the sloping yard declin'd,
 Till by the jears and topping lift ‡ confin'd.

* To weather a shore is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

† To try, is to lay the ship, with her side wards in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward: the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position. See a farther illustration on this in the last note of this canto.

‡ The topping lift which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard. This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines, used in the room of points, for this purpose they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,
 In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.
 The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles ty'd,
 To hoist the shorten'd sail again they h'd.
 The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd:
 The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd.
 The helm its post forsook, and lash'd a-lee*,
 Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred *Orpheus* on the *Stygian* coast,
 With notes divine implor'd his comfort lost;
 Tho' round him perils grew in fell array,
 And fates and furies flood to bar his way:
 Not more advent'rous was th' attempt to move
 The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
 Than mine to bid th' unwilling muse explore
 The wilderness of rude mechanic lore,
 Such toil th' unwearied *Dædalus* endur'd,
 When in the *Cretan* labyrinth immur'd;
 Till art her salutary help bestow'd,
 To guide him through that intricate abode.
 Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
 That never heard the sweet *Pierian* lay,
 The Muse that tun'd to barb'rous sounds her string,
 Now spreads like *Dædalus* a bolder wing:
 The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
 Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet amid this elemental war,
 That scatters desolation from afar,
 Nor toil nor hazard nor distress appear
 To sink the seaman with unmanly fear.
 Tho' their firm hearts no pageant honours boast,
 They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post.
 Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
 Indignant from the focal hour they spurn.

* Lash'd a-lee, is fastened to the lee side.

Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide
 In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
 No future ills unknown their souls appal :
 They know no danger, or they scorn it all !
 But e'en the generous spirits of the brave,
 Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave ;
 A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
 Their harrass'd powers by slumber to restore.
 Far other cares the master's mind employ ;
 Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
 In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
 And bounds the distance by the rules of art ;
 In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
 The compasses to circumjacent lands ;
 Ungrateful task ! for no asylum trac'd,
 A passage open'd from the wat'ry waste :
 Fate seems to guard with adamantine mound,
 The path to every friendly port around.
 While *Albert* thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
 The geometric distances survey'd,
 On deck the watchful *Rodmond* cries aloud,
 Secure your lives—grasp every man a shroud !
 Rous'd from his trance he mounts with eyes aghast,
 When o'er the ship in undulation vast,
 A giant surge down rushes from on high,
 And fore and aft dislever'd ruins lie.
 As when, *Britannia's* empire to maintain,
 Great *Hazke* descends in thunder on the main ;
 Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
 And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores :
 Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
 The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone ;
 Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke ;
 The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke ;
 Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
 Th' extended cordage all asunder springs,
 The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
 And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.

The balanc'd mizen rending to the head,
 In streaming ruins from the margin fled.
 The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
 And rent with labour yawn'd the pitchy seams,
 They sound the well*: and terrible to hear,
 Five feet immers'd along the line appear!
 At either pump they ply the clanking braket,
 And turn by turn the ungrateful office take,
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
 At this sad task all diligent appear:
 As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
 Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms;
 Grim war around her plants his black array,
 And death and sorrow mark his horrid way:
 Till in some destin'd hour, against her wall,
 In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
 The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend;
 And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend,
 Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
 Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard:
 So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
 And help incessant, by rotation, lend;
 But all in vain—for now the sounding cord
 Updrawn, an undiminish'd length explor'd.
 Nor this severe distress is found alone;
 The ribs oppress'd by pond'rous cannon groan—
 Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
 The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.
 So reels *Pylorus* with convulsive throes,
 When in his veins the burning earthquake glows.

* The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to enclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

† The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
 And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
 Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
 And fate vindictive all their skill defies,
 One only remedy the season gave;
 To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
 From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
 Eas'd of their load the timbers less shall groan.
 But arduous in the task their lot requires;
 A task that hovering fate alone inspires!
 For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
 That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
 Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
 May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for council or delay!
 Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
 Here perseverance, with each help of art,
 Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
 These only now their misery can relieve;
 These only now a dawn of safety give!
 While o'er the quiv'ring deck, from van to rear,
 Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, *Arion*, and a chosen crew,
 This office in the face of death pursue,
 The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending, claim'd the weather side,
 Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave;
 Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
 Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
 Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
 Untam'd he stood; the stern aerial war
 Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar—
 Meanwhile *Arion*, traversing the waill*;
 The cordage of the lee-ward guns unbrac'd,
 And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.

* The waill of a ship of this kind is an hollow space, of

Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
 And from their beds the reeling cannon drew;
 Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round;
 Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
 The pond'rous arms across the steep defile;
 Then, hurl'd from founding hinges o'er the side,
 Thund'ring they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship thus eas'd some little respite finds,
 In this rude conflict of the seas and winds;
 Such ease *Alcides* felt, when clogg'd with gore,
 Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore:
 When, slung with burning pain, he strove, too late,
 To stop the swift career of cruel fate.
 Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
 Sad harbinger of seven-fold pangs endur'd!
 Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found!
Cimmerian darkness shades the deeps around,
 Save when the lightnings gleaming on the light,
 Flash thro' the gloom a pale, disastrous light,
 Above, all æther fraught with scenes of woe,
 With grim destruction threatens all below,
 Beneath the storm lash'd surges furious rise,
 And wave uproll'd on wave, assails the skies;
 With ever floating bulwarks, they surround
 The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound.
 With ceaseless valour and fatigue oppress'd,
 Dismay and anguish every heart possess;
 For, while with boundless inundation o'er
 The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,
 Displac'd beneath, by her capacious womb,
 They rage their ancient station to resume;
 By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
 Thro' many a winding channel first they rove;

about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and having the upper deck for its base or platform.

nim
fide
priv

Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting, thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever clanking strokes resound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
The tough bull-hide must ever be renew'd:
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill,
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems!

Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas! his science nought avails!
Art drops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of the lee-way *explor'd,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When *Falconera's* rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound.
For if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The sleep *St. George*, and rocky *Gardalor*.
With him the pilots of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal,
When some proud city verges to her fall;

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E

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.

While ruin glares around, and pale affright
 Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
 No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
 Nor floried pillars raise aloft the head :
 But here the queen of shade around them threw
 Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view !
 Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and shower ;
 Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour !
 Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
 Where fate on ev'ry billow seem'd to ride.
 Inclos'd with ills, by perils unsubdu'd,
 Great in distress the master seaman stood :
 Skill'd to command ; delib'rate to advise ;
 Expert in action ; and in council wise ;
 Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
 The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd :
 Ye faithful mates, who all my troubles share,
 Approv'd companions of your master's care !
 To you, alas ! 'twere fruitless now to tell
 Our sad distress, already known too well !
 This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
 Tho' now of every flattering hope bereft,
 No skill, nor long experience could forecast
 Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.
 These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
 No reigning winds, nor certain omens know.
 Th' hour, th' occasion all your skill demands ;
 A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands.
 Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds,
 Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds :
 'Tis our's the doubtful remedy to find ;
 To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
 For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
 Her flank can bear the bursting flood no more :
 Yet this, or other ills she must endure ;
 A dire disease, and desperate in the cure !
 Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
 Alone require your counsel and your voice.

These only in our power are left to try;
 To perish here, or from the storm to fly:
 The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
 For various reasons I prefer the last.
 'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
 To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
 Yet, since the charge of ev'ry life is mine,
 To equal votes our counsels I resign:
 Forbid it, Heaven, that in this dreadful hour,
 I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
 But should we now resolve to bear away,
 Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
 Nor can we thus, bereft of every sail,
 Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale.
 For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
 Our dropsy'd ship may founder by the lee;
 No more obedient to the pilot's pow'r,
 Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.

He said, the listening mates with fix'd regard,
 And silent rev'rence, his opinion heard.
 Important was the question in debate,
 And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril try'd,
 Had oft' the master's happier skill descry'd.
 Yet now the hour, the scene, the occasion known,
 Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
 Of long experience in the naval art,
 Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
 Alike to him each climate and each blast;
 The first in danger, in retreat the last:
 Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
 From *Albert* his opinion thus dissents.

Too true the perils of the present hour,
 Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'er-power!
 Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
 With death before still opening on the view?

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Too true the perils of the present hour,
 Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'er-power!
 Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
 With death before still opening on the view?

Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
 Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind,
 Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
 Chac'd by this tempest and outrageous sea?
 For while its violence the tempest keeps,
 Bereft of every sail, we roam the deeps :
 At random driv'n, to present death we haste,
 And one short hour, perhaps, may be our last.
 In vain the gulph of *Corinth* on our lee,
 Now opens to her ports a passage free ;
 Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
 Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
 Here *Falconera* spreads her lurking snares ;
 There distant *Greece* her rugged shelf prepares.
 Should once the bottom strike that rocky shore,
 The splitting bark that instant were no more ;
 Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
 Beyond relief, were doom'd to perish too.
 Thus, if to scud too rashly we consent,
 Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
 Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
 To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
 Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
 Our hull unbroken long may try a lee ;
 The crew, tho' harass'd long with toils severe,
 Still at their pumps perceive no danger near.
 Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
 At once their courage and their hope to quell ?
 Prudence forbids !— This southern tempest soon
 May change its quarter with the changing moon ;
 Its rage, tho' terrible, may soon subside,
 Nor into mountains lash the unruly tide.
 These leaks shall then decrease ; the sails once more
 Direct our course to some relieving shore.

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
 At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
 For while the vessel thro' unnumber'd chinks,
 Above, below, th' invading water drinks,

Sounding her depth they ey'd the wetted scale,
 And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
 Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,
 They with redoubling force their task pursu'd.

And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait
 Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
 Tho' many a bitter storm with peril fraught,
 In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught,
 Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought,
 So soft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
 It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
 His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
 In patient indolence resign'd to fate,
 But now the horrors that around him roll,
 That rous'd to action his rekindling soul.

With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind,
 The dark distresses on each side combin'd;
 While here we linger in the pass of fate,
 I see no moment left for sad debate.
 For, some decision if we wish to form,
 Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
 Her shatter'd state and yon desponding crew
 At once suggest what measures to pursue.
 The lab'ring hull already seems half fill'd
 With water through an hundred leaks distill'd;
 As in a dropiy, wallowing with her freight,
 Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight!
 Thus, drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
 Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck:
 Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
 These fell invasions of the bursting main.
 At every pitch the o'erwhelming billows bend
 Beneath their load, the quivering bowspit end.
 A fearful warning! since the masts on high
 On that support with trembling hope rely.
 At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
 In dark dismay, anticipating death.

Still all our powers the increasing leaks defy :
 We sunk at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
 One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
 To light and save us from the watery tomb.
 That bids us shun the death impending here ;
 Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
 'Tis urg'd, indeed, the fury of the gale
 Precludes the help of every guiding sail :
 And driven before it on the wat'ry waste,
 To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste.
 But haply *Falconera* we may shun ;
 And far to *Grecian* coasts is yet the run :
 Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
 Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear !
 Even then the wearied storm as soon shall die,
 Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
 Should we at last be driven by dire decree
 Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
 The hull dismasted, there a while may ride,
 With lengthen'd cables on the raging tide.
 Perhaps, kind heaven, with interposing power,
 May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
 But here ingulph'd, and foundering while we flay,
 Fate hovers o'er, and marks us for her prey.
 He said—*Palemon* saw, with grief of heart,
 The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art :
 In silent terror and distress involv'd,
 He heard their last alternative resolv'd.
 High beat his bosom. With such fear subdu'd,
 Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
 Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
 The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd ;
 Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
 And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
 The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd :
 And all awake to friendship's genial heat,
 His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.

Alas ! no season this for tender love :
 Far hence the music of the myrtle grove !
 With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deriv'd,
Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.
 For consolation, oft with healing art,
 Retimes the jarring numbers of the heart.
 Now had the pilots all the events revolv'd,
 And on their final refuge thus resolv'd ;
 When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
 Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds ;
 To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
 The dreadful purpose *Albert* thus directs :

Unhappy partners in a wayward fate !
 Whose gallant spirits now are known too late ;
 Ye, who unmov'd behold this angry storm
 With terrors all the rolling deeps perform ;
 Who, patient in adversity, still bear
 The firmest front when greatest ills are near !
 The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
 That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
 Ingulph'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
 To weather leeward shores, alas ! too nigh.
 Our crazy bark no longer can abide
 The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side :
 And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
 That in this raging sea she cannot live,
 One only refuge from despair we find,
 At once to veer and scud before the wind*.
 Perhaps e'en then to ruin we may flee ;
 For broken shores beneath our lee appear ;
 But that's remote, and instant death is here :
 Yet there, by heaven's assistance, we may gain
 Some creek or inlet of the *Grecian* main ;
 Or, shelter'd by some rock at anchor ride,
 Till with abating rage the blast subside.

But, if, determin'd by the will of heaven,
 Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,

* For an explanation of these manœuvres the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto.

These counsels follow'd from the wat'ry grave
Our floating sailors on the surf may save.

And first, let all our axes be secur'd,
To cut the mast and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fallen on the strand.
Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar;
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend:
Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next assail each mast;
And booms and oars and rafts to leeward cast.
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them, o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Tho' great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!

I know, among you, some full oft have view'd,
 With murderous weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
 On England's vile inhuman shore, who stand
 The sole reproach and scandal of our land!
 To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand;
 These, while their savage office they pursue,
 Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
 Who scap'd from every horror of the main,
 Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain:
 But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown!
 Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown:
 Her sons, by barb'rous tyranny oppress'd,
 Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
 Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
 Oft to the friendless stranger yields relief.

With conscious horror struck, the naval band,
 Detested for a while their native land.
 They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
 That thus forgot their guardian sailors' cause.
 Meanwhile the master's voice again they heard,
 Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.

No more remains—but now a trusty band
 Must ever at the pump industrious stand:
 And while with us the rest attend to wear,
 Two skilful seamen to the helm repair.
 O source of life! our refuge and our stay!
 Whose voice the warring elements obey,
 On thy supreme assistance we rely;
 Thy mercy supplicate if doom'd to die!
 Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
 From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death!
 'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
 With thee, great Lord! whatever is, is just.

He said, and with consenting reverence fraught,
 The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought,
 His intellectual eye, serenely bright,
 Saw distant objects with prophetic light.

Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
 That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
 Whole wealth to conquering armies falls a prey;
 Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay:
 Some bold sagacious statesman from the helm,
 Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm:
 He darts around his penetrating eyes,
 Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise:
 With deep attention marks th' invading foe;
 Eludes their wiles and frustrates every blow,
 Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
 Or in its ruin find a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
 Ingulph'd between two fluctuating hills:
 On either side they rise; tremendous scene!
 A long dark melancholy vale between*.
 The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,
 Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
 And to the right and left by turns inclin'd;
 But *Albert* from behind the balance drew,
 And on the prow its double efforts threw.

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm, and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently

The order now was given to bear away ;
 The order given the timoneers obey.
 High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
 As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
 But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
 When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew !
 Yet *Albert* new resources still prepares,
 And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
 Away there ; lower the mizen-yard on deck !
 He calls, and brace the foremost yards aback !

by pressing her side down in the water ; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow, but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming too ; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling off.

Weering or wearing, as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or, of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, " That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed, and the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line on which that force acts."

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn in any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon

His great example every bosom fires :
 Now life rekindles, and new nope inspires :
 While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
 One desperate remedy at last he tries.
 Haste, with your weapons, cut the shrouds and flay :
 And hew at once the mizen-mast away !

He said, the attentive sailors on each side,
 At his command the trembling cords divide.

Fast

any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of weering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled, or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces : at the same time the foremast sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion ; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards, situated near the head and stern, serve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for weering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes ab-

Fast by the fated pine bold *Rodmond* stands !
 Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands ;
 Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound ;
 The tall mast groaning felt the deadly wound.
 Deep gash'd with sores, the tottering structure rings,
 And crashing, thund'ring o'er the quarter swings.
 Thus when some limb convuls'd with pangs of death,
 Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath ;
 Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
 The latent venom, or its course delays :
 But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
 Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
 Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
 Severs the member, and preserves the life.

F

solutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction, the mizen mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to windward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed in the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea phrase, is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-too; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-too suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

C A N T O III.

ARGUMENT.

THE design and influence of poetry---Applied to the subject---Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away---Ship veers before the wind---Her violent agitation---Different stations of the officers---Appearance of the island of Falconera---Excursions to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity---Athens---Socrates---Plato---Aristides---Solon---Corinth---Sparta---Leonidas---Invasion of Xerxes---Lycurgus---Epaminondas---Modern appearance---Arcadia---Its former happiness and fertility---Present distress and effect of slavery---Ithaca, Ulysses and Penelope---Argos and Mycenæ---Agamemnon---Macrinisi---Lemnos---Vulcan and Venus---Delos---Apollo and Diana---Troy---Sestos---Leander and Hero---Delphos---Temple of Apollo---Parnassus---The subject resumed---Sparkling of the sea---Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors---Darkness, lightning and thunder---Approach of day---Discovery of land---The ship in great danger, passes the island of St. George---Turns her broadside to the shore---Her bowsprit, fore-mast, and maintop-mast carried away---She strikes a rock---Splits asunder---Fate of the crew.

The scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.—The time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When sullen ignorance her flag display'd,
And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd;

Sent from the shores of light the *Muses* came,
 The dark and solitary race to tame.
 'Twas theirs the lawless passions to controul,
 And melt in tender sympathy the soul;
 The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
 And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
 The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
 And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
 Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
 At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.—
 When great *Mæanides* in rapid song,
 The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
 Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
 And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
 From earth upborn on *Pegasean* wings,
 Far thro' the boundless realms of thought he springs;
 While distant poets, trembling as they view
 His sunward flight, the dazzling tract pursue.
 But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell
 What dire distress *Laertes'* son beset,
 The strains meandring thro' the maze of woe,
 Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
 Thus, in old time, the *Muses'* heav'nly breath
 With vital force dissolv'd the chains of death:
 Each bard in epic lays began to sing,
 Taught by the master of the vocal string.—
 'Tis mine, alas! through dangerous scenes to stray,
 Far from the light of his unerring ray!
 While all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
 Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
 To me in vain the bold *Mæonian* lyre
 Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!
 Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
 Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
 But o'er that scene the impatient numbers ran,
 Subservient only to a nobler plan.
 'Tis mine the unrivall'd prospect to display,
 And chain th' events in regular array.
 Tho' hard the task to sing in varied strains,
 While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!

Thrice happy ! might the secret powers of art
 Unlock the latent windings of the heart !
 Might the sad numbers draw compassion's tear
 For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near ;
 For kindred wretches oft in ruin cast
 On *Albion's* strand, beneath the wint'ry blast ;
 For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
 Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know !
 So pity, gushing o'er each *British* breast,
 Might sympathise with *Britain's* sons distressed :
 For this my theme thro' mazes I pursue,
 Which nor *Mæonidas* nor *Maro* knew.

Awhile the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
 Balanc'd th' impression of the helm and wind :
 The wounded serpent agoniz'd with pain,
 Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain :
 But now, the wreck dislever'd from the rear,
 The long reluctant prow began to veer :
 And while around, before the wind it falls,
 Square all the yards * ! th' attentive master calls—
 You timoneers, her motion still attend !
 For on your fleerage all our lives depend.
 So ! steddý † ! meet her : watch the blast behind,
 And steer her right before the seas and wind !
 Starboard again ! the watchful pilot cries ;
 Starboard, th' obedient timoneer replies.
 Then to the left the ruling helm returns ;
 The wheel ‡ revolves ; the ringing axle burns.
 The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
 Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea :
 All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
 Scourg'd on by surges, storms, and bursting skies.

* To square the yards, in this place is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

† Steddý, is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at that instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.

As when the masters of the lance assail,
 In *Hyperborean* seas, the slumbering whale;
 Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
 With anguish slung, he cleaves the downward tide:
 In vain he flies! no friendly respite found;
 His life-blood gushes thro' th' inflaming wound:
 The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain,
 Scuds from pursuing waves along the main,
 While dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
 Like burning adamant the waters glow.
 Her joints forget their firm elastic tone:
 Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
 Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
 The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
 Now shivering, o'er the topmast wave she rides,
 While deep beneath th' enormous gulph divides.
 Now, launching headlong down the horrid vale,
 She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
 Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
 Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
 'As that rebellious angel, who from heav'n,
 To regions of eternal pain was driven;
 When dreadful he forsook the *Stygian* shore,
 The distant realms of *Eden* to explore;
 Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
 With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd,
 There in some hideous gulph descending prone,
 Far in the rayless void of night was thrown:
 Even so she scales the briny mountain's height,
 Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight.
 The masts, around whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
 With long vibration round her axle swing,
 To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
 The watchful pilots different posts assume.
Albert and *Rodmond*, station'd on the rear,
 With warning voice direct each timoneer.
 High on the prow the guard *Arión* keeps,
 To shun the cruisers wandering o'er the deeps.
 Where'er he moves *Palemon* still attends
 As if on him his only hope depends;

While *Rodmond*, fearful of some neighb'ring shore,
 Cries, ever and anon, Look out afore !
 Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
 When *Falconera's* rocky height they view,
 High o'er its summit, thro' the gloom of night,
 The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful light.
 In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
 And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand :
 But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,
 Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies,
 So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
 O'er the broad champain scuds the trembling roe.
 That danger past, reflects a feeble joy ;
 But soon returning fears their hope destroy.
 Thus, in th' *Atlantic*, oft the sailors eyes,
 While melting in the reign of softer skies,
 Some *Alp* of ice, from polar regions blown,
 Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone :
 Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply :
 In cooling stream th' aerial billows fly :
 Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
 In gentler tides the feverish pulses beat.
 So, when their trembling vessel pass'd this isle,
 Such visionary joys the crew beguile :
 Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire !
 Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire !

Say, Memory ! thou, from whose unnerring tongue
 Instructive flows the animated song ;
 What regions now the flying ship surround ?
 Regions of old, thro' all the world renown'd ;
 That, once the poet's theme, the Muse's boast,
 Now lie in ruins : in oblivion lost !

Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
 Unskill'd in *Grecian* or in *Roman* lore,
 Unconscious pass each famous circling shore ?

They did ; for blasted in the barren shade,
 Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade :
 Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
 Withers the bloom of every springing flower.
 Here fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm
 The generous climate of the soul deform.

Then if among the wandering naval train,
 One stripling exil'd from the *Aonian* plain,
 Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's soothing dream,
 Approach'd to taste the sweet *Castalian* stream,
 (Since those salubrious streams, with power divine,
 To purer sense th' attemper'd soul refine)
 His heart with liberal commerce here molest,
 Alien to joy! sincerest grief possess'd,
 Yet on the youthful mind th' impression cast
 Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.
 There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,
 It glows with unextinguishable fire.

Immortal *Athens* first, in ruin spread,
 Contiguous lies at Port *Lion's* head.
 Great source of science! whose immortal name
 Stands foremost in the glorious roll of fame.
 Here godlike *Socrates* and *Plato* shone,
 And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
 The first in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
 By Heaven pronounc'd the wisest of mankind:
 The last foretold the spark of vital fire,
 The soul's pure essence, never could expire.
 Here *Solon* dwelt, the philosophic sage,
 That fled *Pisistratus'* vindictive rage.
 Just *Aristides* here maintain'd the cause,
 Whose sacred precepts shine thro' *Solon's* laws.
 Of all her towering structures, now alone
 Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'ergrown,
 The wandering stranger near the port descries
 A milk-white lion of stupendous size;
 Unknown the sculptor, marble is the frame:
 And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.

Next, in the gulph of *Engia*, *Corinth* lies,
 Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies;
 Whom, tho' by tyrant victors oft subdu'd,
Greece, *Egypt*, *Rome*, with awful wonder view'd,
 Her name for *Pelas'* heavenly art renown'd*,
 Spread like foliage which her pillars crown'd.

* Architecture.

But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it, draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward is *Morea's* land,
Fair *Mistral* ! thy modern turrets stand.
Ah ! who unmov'd with sacred woe, can tell
That here great *Lacedæmon's* glory fell ?
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains and nations shook around.
Here brave *Leonidas*, from shore to shore
Thro' all *Achaia* bade her thunders roar :
He, when Imperial *Xerxes* from afar,
Advanc'd with *Perfia's* sumless troops to war,
Till *Macedonia* shrunk beneath his spear,
And *Greece* dismay'd, beheld the chief draw near :
He, at *Thermopylae's* immortal plain,
His force repell'd with *Sparta's* glorious train.
Tall *Oeta* saw, the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd *Asia* trembling heard thy name,
And *Thebes* and *Athens* sicken'd at thy fame !
Thy state, supported by *Lycurgus' laws*,
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.
E'en great *Epaminondas* strove in vain,
To curb that spirit with a *Theban* chain.
But, ah ! how low her free-born spirit now
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow ;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace.

Not distant far, *Arcadia's* blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
Thrice happy soil ! where still serenely gay,
Indulgent *Flora* breath'd perpetual *May* :
Where buxom *Ceres* taught the obsequious field,
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield.
Then with some rural nymph completely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.

Now, sad reverse ! oppression's iron hand
 Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.
 In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train,
 With midnight ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies
 The long lost isle of *Ithacus* the wise ;
 Where fair *Penelope* her absent lord
 Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd,
 Tho' many a princely heart her beauty won,
 She, guarded only by her stripling son,
 Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
 And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
 With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
 But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd.
 True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
 The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in *Greece* forgotten and unknown,
 Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan ;
Argos, whose monarch led the *Grecian* hosts,
 Far o'er the *Egean* main to *Dardan* coasts.
 Unhappy prince ! who, on a hostile shore,
 Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore.
 And when to native realms return'd at last
 To reap the harvest of thy labours past.
 A perjur'd friend, alas ! and faithless wife,
 There sacrific'd to impious lust thy life ! —
 Fast by *Arcadia* stretch these desert plains,
 And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of *He'lena* * is seen,
 Where adverse winds detain'd the *Spartan* queen :
 For whom in arms combin'd the *Grecian* hosts,
 With vengeance fir'd, invaded *Phrygia's* coast ;
 For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
 The sacred turrets of imperial *Troy*.
 Here, driven by *Juno's* rage, the hapless dame,
 Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd *Ilion* came,

* Now known by the name of *Macronisi*.

The port an image bears of *Parian* stone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due east from this appears th' immortal shore,
That sacred *Phæbus* and *Diana* bore :
Delos, thro' all the *Egean* seas renown'd !
(Whose coast the rocky *Cyclades* surround)
By *Phæbus* honour'd, and by *Greece* rever'd ;
Her hallow'd groves e'en distant *Persia* fear'd.
But now a silent unfrequented land !

No human footstep marks the trackless sand.
Thence to the north, by *Asia's* western bound,
Fair *Lemnos* stands, with rising marble crown'd :
Where, in her rage, avenging *Juno* hurl'd
Ill-fated *Vulcan* from the ethereal world.
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd ;
Then forg'd by *Cyclopean* art, appear'd
Thunders that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine *Vulcanian* arms.
There with this cripple wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of the empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of love in wedlock dwelt,
In fires profane can heavenly bosoms melt ?

Eastward of this appears the *Dardan* shore,
That once the imperial towers of *Ilium* bore.
Illustrious *Troy* ! renown'd in every clime,
Through the long annals of unfolding time !
How oft thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou saw'st thy tutelar gods in vain descend !
Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
Tho' nations perish'd on her bloody plain,
That refuge of perfidious *Helen's* shame,
Was doom'd at length to sink in *Grecian* flame :
And now by time's deep plow-share hallow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred *Troy* is found no more.
No trace of all her glories now remains ;
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
Silver *Scamander* laves the verdant shore ;
Scamander oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore.

Not far remov'd from *Ilion's* famous land,
 In counter view appears the *Thracian* strand;
 Where beauteous *Hero* from the turret's height,
 Display'd her crescent each revolving night;
 Whose gleam directed lov'd *Leander* o'er
 The rolling *Hellepont* to *Asia's* shore;
 'Till, in a fated hour, on *Thracia's* coast
 She saw her lover's lifeless body tost;
 Then felt her bosom agony severe;
 Her eyes sad-gazing pour'd th' incessant tear;
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
 She beat her beauteous breast, and tore her hair—
 On dear *Leander's* name in vain she cry'd;
 Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide.
 The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
 And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight!

Far west of *Thrace*, beyond th' *Egean* main,
 Remote from ocean, lies the *Delphic* plain,
 The sacred oracle of *Phæbus* there
 High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
 August the fabric! elegant its stile!
 On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
 And checquer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors.
 The roofs, where storied tablatures appear'd,
 On columns of *Corinthian* mould were rear'd:
 Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
 And round the hollow doom bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train!
 Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
 To front the sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd:
 With golden harps, and living laurels grac'd.
 The sciences and arts around the shrine
 Conspicuous shone, engrav'd by hands divine!
 Here *Esculapius'* snake display'd his crest,
 And burning glories sparkled on his breast:
 While from his eye's insufferable light
 Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight,

Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd;
Sunk in oblivion no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Parnassus lifts to heaven its honour'd head :

Where from the deluge, sav'd by heaven's command, }

Deucalion leading *Pyrrha* hand in hand,

Repeopled all the desolated land.

Around the scene unfading laurels grow.

And aromatic flowers for ever blow.

The winged choirs, on every tree above,

Carol sweet numbers thro' the vocal grove ;

While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath.

Young zephyrs borne on rosy pinions breathe.

Fair daughters of the sun ! the sacred Nine,

Here wake to ecstacy their songs divine ;

Or crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove

Attune the tender strings to bleeding love.

All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,

Soothing to softest peace the tortur'd soul.

While hill and vale with choral voice around,

The music of immortal harps resound,

Fair pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,

Still scattering where she moves *Elysian* flowers !

Even now the strains with sweet contagion fraught,

Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought—

Adieu ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,

Where *Eden's* blossoms ever vernal blow !

Adieu ye streams, that o'er enchanted grounds

In lucid maze th' *Aonian* hill surrounds,

Ye fairy scenes where fancy loves to dwell,

And young delight, for ever, oh, farewell !

The soul with tender luxury you fill,

And o'er the sense *Lethæan* dews distil !

Awake, O Memory, from th' inglorious dream !

With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme ?

Collect thy powers ! arouse thy vital fire !

Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire !

Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,

In torrents pour along the swelling strain !

Now borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
 Her course to *Attic* shores the vessel keeps;
 The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
 Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
 For this assault should either quarter * feel,
 Again to flank the tempest she might reel,
 The steersmen every bidden turn apply;
 To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
 Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
 The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
 Indignant they retire, and long oppose
 Superior armies that around them close:
 Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join:
 And guide the flight in one embodied line:
 So they direct the flying bark before
 Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
 As some benighted traveller thro' the shade,
 Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
 While prowling savages behind him roar,
 And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
 High o'er the poop, th' audacious seas aspire,
 Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire,
 As some fell conqueror frantic with success,
 Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;
 So, while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
 Incens'd to seven-fold rage the tempest foams;
 And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
 Shrill through the cordage howls with notes of woe.
 Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
 Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
 The ship's high battlements, to either side
 For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
 Her joints unning'd, in palsied languors play,
 As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
 The skies afunder torn, a deluge pour;
 Th' impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.

G

* The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side, or the part which is near the stern.

High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
 Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze
 Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
 Now lurks behind impenetrable shade ;
 Now flashing round intolerable light,
 Redoubles all the terrors of the night,
 Such terror *Sinai's* quaking hill o'erspread,
 When Heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head.
 It seem'd the wrathful angel of the wind,
 Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd ;
 And here, to one ill fated ship oppos'd,
 At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
 And lo ! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
 Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings !
 Hark ! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks ;
 Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes !
 Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
 And blue on deck their rolling sides discharge ;
 There, all aghast, the shivering wretches flood,
 While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
 Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
 And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame :
 Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
 And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
 Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.
 Swift thro' my pulses glides the kindling fire,
 As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
 But ah ! the force of numbers strives in vain
 The glowing scene unequal to sustain.

But lo ! at last from tenfold darkness torn,
 Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
 Hail ! sacred vision ! who, on orient wing,
 The cheerful dawn of light propitious bring !
 All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
 That gave her beauties to returning day :
 All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
 No kind relief, no gleam of hope descri'd.

For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
 The hills of *Greece* emerging on the lee.
 So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
 On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
 The nymph ador'd, resigns her blooming charms,
 To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
 So to *Eliza* dawn'd that cruel day,
 That tore *Eneas* from her arms away :
 That saw him parting never to return,
 Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
 O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
 Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight !
 Go with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
 And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign ;
 But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
 Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme !

While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
 Full in her van *St. George's* cliffs arise :
 High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
 That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
 Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
 And all their skill relentless fate oppose.
 For, while more eastward they direct the prow
 Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
 While as she wheels, unable to subdue
 Her sallies, still they dread her broaching too *.
 Alarming thought ! for now no more a lee
 Her riven side could bear th' invading sea ;
 And if the following surge she scuds before,
 Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore :

H 2

* Broaching too, is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst scudding or sailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the second Canto.

A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
 Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
 Far less dismay'd, *Anchises'* wand'ring son
 Was seen the Straits of *Sicily* to shun :
 When *Palinurus*, from the helm, descry'd
 The rocks of *Scylla* on his eastern side ;
 While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
 His onward path *Charybdis'* gulph oppos'd.
 The double danger as by turns he view'd,
 His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.
 Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
 Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.
 With boundless involution hurling o'er
 The marble cliffs, loud dashing surges roar.
 Hoarse thro' each winding creek the tempest raves,
 And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
 Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
 To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares ;
 But happy now she escapes the fatal strand,
 Tho' scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.
 Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
 She cleaves the burning waters with her prow ;
 And forward leaping with tumultuous haste,
 As soon the tempest's wing, the isle she past,
 With longing eyes and agony of mind,
 The sailors view this refuge left behind ;
 Happy to bribe with *India's* richest ore,
 A safe accession to that barren shore.

When in the dark *Peruvian* mine confin'd,
 Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
 The groaning captive wastes his life away,
 For ever exil'd from the realms of day ;
 Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
 When far above the sacred light he eyes :
 While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain
 For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now *Athenian* mountains they descry,
 And o'er the surge *Colonna* frowns on high.

Beside the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
 A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
 First planted by devotion to sustain,
 In elder times, *Tritonia's* sacred fane,
 Foams the wild beech below with with madd'ning rage,
 Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
 The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
 Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
 And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
 Thro' the rent cloud the raging lightning fly.
 A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
 Touch'd with compassion gaz'd upon the blind;
 And, while around his sad companions croud,
 He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud.
 Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
 Thy only succour on the mast relies!
 The helm bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course.
 Quick to th' abandon'd wheel of *Arion* came,
 The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim:
 Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
 Upborn, to right and left distracted roam.
 So gaz'd young *Phaeton*, with pale dismay,
 When mounting in the flaming car of day.
 With rash and impious hand the stripling try'd
 Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.
 The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
 Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
 Fate spurs her on. Thus issuing from afar,
 Advances to the sun some blazing star:
 And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
 Springs onward with accelerated course.
 With mournful look the seaman ey'd the strand,
 Where death's inexorable jaws expand.
 Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
 As dumb with terror they beheld the last.

Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
 In mute suspense they mount into the wind.
 The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
 The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.
 The fatal Sisters, on the surge before,
 Yok'd their eternal horses to the prore.
 The steer's man now receiv'd the last command
 To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand ;
 Twelve sailors on the foremast who depend,
 High on the platform to the top ascend ;
 Fatal retreat ! for while the plunging prow
 Immerges headlong in the waves below,
 Down prest by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
 Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie ;
 The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high :
 And now the ship, forelified by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee ;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
 Drags the main-top-mast from its post away.
 Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
 Thro' hostile floods their vessel to regain.
 The waves they buffet, till bereft of strength,
 O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length,
 The hostile waters close around their head ;
 They sink for ever, number'd with the dead !
 Those who remain their fearful doom await,
 No longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
 The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
 Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond with Palemon here,
 With young *Arion* on the mast appear ;
 Even they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
 In every look distracting thoughts confess ;
 In every vein the resluent blood congeals,
 And every bosom fated terror feels.
 Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
 They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain,

Such torments in the drear abodes of hell;
 Which sad despair laments with rueful yell;
 Such torments agonize the damned breast,
 While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
 For heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore:
 But heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more!

And now lash'd on by destiny severe,
 With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!
 The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
 Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath.
 In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore,
 Would arm the mind with philosophic lore:
 In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
 To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
 Ev'n *Zeno's* self, and *Epictetus* old,
 This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
 Had *Socrates*, for godlike virtue fam'd,
 And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
 Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
 His soul had trembled to its last recess!
 O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
 This last tremendous shock of fate to prove,
 The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
 Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
 For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
 High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
 And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
 Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
 Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies;
 Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
 Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound!
 Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
 And quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
 So reels convuls'd with agonizing throes,
 The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
 Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
 Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!

Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries;
 The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
 In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
 With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
 Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
 The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
 At length asunder torn her frame divides,
 And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful *Maro's* art
 To wake to sympathy the feeling heart;
 Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
 In all the pomp of exquisite distress!
 Then too severely taught by cruel fate
 To share in all the perils I relate,
 Then might I with unrivall'd strains deplore
 Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
 As o'er the surge the slooping main-mast hung,
 Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
 Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
 And here by oozy tangles grappled fast :
 Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows rage,
 Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
 Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
 Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
 Some, from the main-yard arm impetuous thrown
 On marble ridges, die without a groan.
 Three with *Palemon* on their skill depend,
 And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
 Now on the mounting wave on high they ride,
 Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
 Till one who seems in agony to strive,
 The whirling breakers heave on shore alive ;
 The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
 And press'd the stony beach, a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
 Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb ;
 What scenes of misery torment thy view !
 What painful struggles of thy dying crew

Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
 O'erspread with corse, red with human blood!
 So pierc'd with anguish hoary *Priam* gaz'd,
 When *Troy's* imperial domes in ruin blaz'd,
 While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
 Expir'd beneath the victor's murd'ring steel.
 Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
 Sad refuge! *Albert* hugs the floating mast:
 His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
 But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
 For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
 Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain:
 His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
 For him, alas! who never shall return:
 To black adversity's approach expos'd,
 With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd:
 His lovely daughter left without a friend
 Her innocence to succour and defend;
 By youth and indigence set forth a prey
 To lawless guilt that flatters to betray—
 While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
 And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
 His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.—
 Sad *Albert* feels the dissolution near,
 And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
 For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
 All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
 And—'O protect my wife and child!' he cries:
 The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
 He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!
 Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
 Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along:
 With these *Arion* still his hold secures,
 And all th' assaults of hostile waves endures,
 O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
 He looks if poor *Palemon* yet survives.
 Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
 Didst thou incautious from the wreck depart?

Alas ! these rocks all human skill defy,
 Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die :
 And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
 On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
 Thus thought *Arion*, anxious gazing round,
 In vain, his eyes no more *Palemon* found.
 The demons of destruction hover nigh,
 And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.
 And now a breaking surge with forceful sway :
 Two next *Arion* furious tears away.
 Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp ! they bleed !
 And groaning, cling, upon the illusive weed !
 Another billow bursts in boundless roar !
Arion sinks, and memory views no more !

Ah ! total night and horror here preside !
 My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide !
 It is the funeral knell ! and, gliding near,
 Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear !

But lo ! emerging from the wat'ry grave,
 Again they float incumbent on the wave :
 Again the dismal prospect opens round,
 The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd !
 And see ! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
 Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks
 Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
 They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again !
 Two with *Arion* yet the mast upbore,
 That now above the ridges reach'd the shore :
 Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
 With horror pale, and torpid with amaze :
 The floods recoil ! the ground appears below !
 And life's faint embers now rekindling glow :
 Awhile they wait the exhausted wave's retreat,
 Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
 O heaven ! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
 Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
 Receive the languid incense they bestow,
 That damp with death appears not yet to glow,

To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
 With trembling ardour, of unequal praise;
 In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
 And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives:
 Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
 Till horror and despair are felt no more.

A troop of *Grecians* who inhabit nigh,
 And oft these perils of the deep descry,
 Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
 Anxious had climb'd *Colonna's* neighbouring height;
 When gazing downward on the adjacent flood,
 Full to their view the scene of ruin flood;
 The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
 And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!
 Tho' lost to science and the nobler arts,
 Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
 Strait down the vale with hast'ning steps they hied,
 Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.

Mean while those three escap'd beneath explore
 The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore.
 Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
 Prone, helpless on the tangly beach he lay—
 It is *Palemon*;—oh! what tumults roll
 With hope and terror in *Arion's* soul!
 If yet unhurt he lives again to view
 His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew!
 With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
 And share the future good and ill unknown.
Arion thus; but ah! sad doom of fate;
 That bleeding mem'ry sorrows to relate,
 While yet afloat on some resisting rock,
 His ribs were dash'd, and fractur'd with the shock,
 Heart piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
 In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
 Distilling blood his lovely breast o'er-spread,
 And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!
 Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke,
 Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.

Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
 Thy image, lovely *Anna* ! hung pourtray'd ;
 Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
 Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
 Hadst thou, soft maiden ! in this hour of woe,
 Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
 What force of art, what language could express
 Thine agony ? thine exquisite distress ?
 But thou alas ! art doom'd to weep in vain
 For him thine eyes shall never see again !
 With dumb amazement pale, *Arion* gaz'd,
 And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd ;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,
 In faltering accents thus his friend address'd :

“ O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
 Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie ;
 Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
 Of life, unhappy ! thus decreed to meet ?
 Ah ! how unlike what yeller-morn enjoy'd,
 Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd !
 For wounded far, beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour,
 By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
 At once cut off from fortune, life, and love !
 Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
 That lie deep buried yet in tenfold night.
 Ah ! wretched father of a wretched son,
 Whom thy paternal prudence has undone !
 How will remembrance of this blended care
 Bend down thy head with anguish and despair !
 Such dire effects from avarice arise,
 That deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
 With force severe endeavours to controul
 The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
 But O, thou sacred pow'r ! whose law connects
 Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
 Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
 Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age !

And you, *Arion* ! who with these the last
 Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—
 Ah! cease to mourn! those friendly tears restrain!
 Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
 Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
 When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
 Should thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,
 To him the tragic story first relate,
 Oh! Friendship's generous ardour then suppress!
 Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress:
 Nor let each horrid incident sustain
 The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
 Ah! then remember well my last request
 For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
 Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
 The helpless maid to succour and defend.
 Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
 So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
 But oh! to lovely *Anna* should'st thou tell
 What dire untimely end thy friend besel,
 Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
 And lightly touch the lamentable tale.
 Say that my love, inviolably true,
 No change, no diminution ever knew;
 Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
 Is all *Palemon* rescu'd from the wreck;
 Take it and say, when panting in the wave,
 I struggled, life and this alone to save!
 My soul that fluttering hastens to be free,
 Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
 But strive in vain!—the chilling ice of death
 Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath:
 Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode,
 To course that long, unknown, eternal road.—
 O sacred Source of ever living light!
 Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
 Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
 Where peril, pain, and death are felt no more!

When thou some hapless lover's tale shalt hear,
 That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
 Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
 To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd,
 Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,
 That heal th' afflicted breast they overflow,
 While mem'ry dictates, this sad Shipwreck tell,
 And what distress thy wretched friend beset!
 Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
 The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
 While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
 With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear:
 Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,

"All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain*."

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue
 That now inactive to the palate clung;
 His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
 And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!

As thus defac'd in death *Palemon* lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
 Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
 While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.

Oh, ill-starr'd vot'ry of unspotted truth!
 Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
 Should e'er thy friend arrive on *Albion's* land,
 He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:
 His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
 And all the horrors of this dismal day!
 Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!
 What anguish to the living and the dead!
 How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
 And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;

* ——— sed scilicet ultima semper
 Expectanda dies homini; "decique beatus
 Ante obitum nemo supremæque funera debet."
Ovid Metam. lib. 9.

Thro' life's sad journey hopeless to complain;
 Can sacred justice those events ordain?
 But, O my soul! avoid that wond'rous maze,
 Where reason, lost in endless error, strays!
 As thro' this thorny vale of life he run,
 Great Cause of all Effects, "Thy will be done!"

Now had the *Grecians* on the beach arriv'd,
 To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd:
 While passing they beheld the waves o'erspread,
 With shatter'd rafts and corpses of the dead,
 Three still alive, benumb and faint they find,
 In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.
 The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
 The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
 With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
 And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

CRUELTY AND LUST,

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY*.

By the Rev. Mr. JOHN POMFRET.

WHERE can the wretched'ft of all creatures fly
To tell the ftory of her mifery ?

Where, but to faithful Celia, in whole mind
A manly brav'ry's with foft pity join'd.
I fear thefe lines will fcarce be underftood,
Blur'd with inceffant tears, and writ in blood ;
But if you can the mournful pages read,
The fad relation fhews you fuch a deed
As all th' annals of th' infernal reign
Shall ftrove to equal, or exceed, in vain.

NERONIOR's fame, no doubt has reach'd your ears,
Whofe cruelty has caus'd a fea of tears ;
Fill'd each lamenting town with fun'ral fighs,
Deploing widows shrieks, and orphans cries.
At ev'ry health the horrid monfter quaff'd,
The wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd, he laugh'd ;
Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
Drunk with excefs of blood and wine, to bed.
Oh curfed place !—I can no more command
My pen, fhame and confufion fhake my hand :
But I muft on, and let my Celia know,
How barb'rous are my wrongs, how vaft my woe.

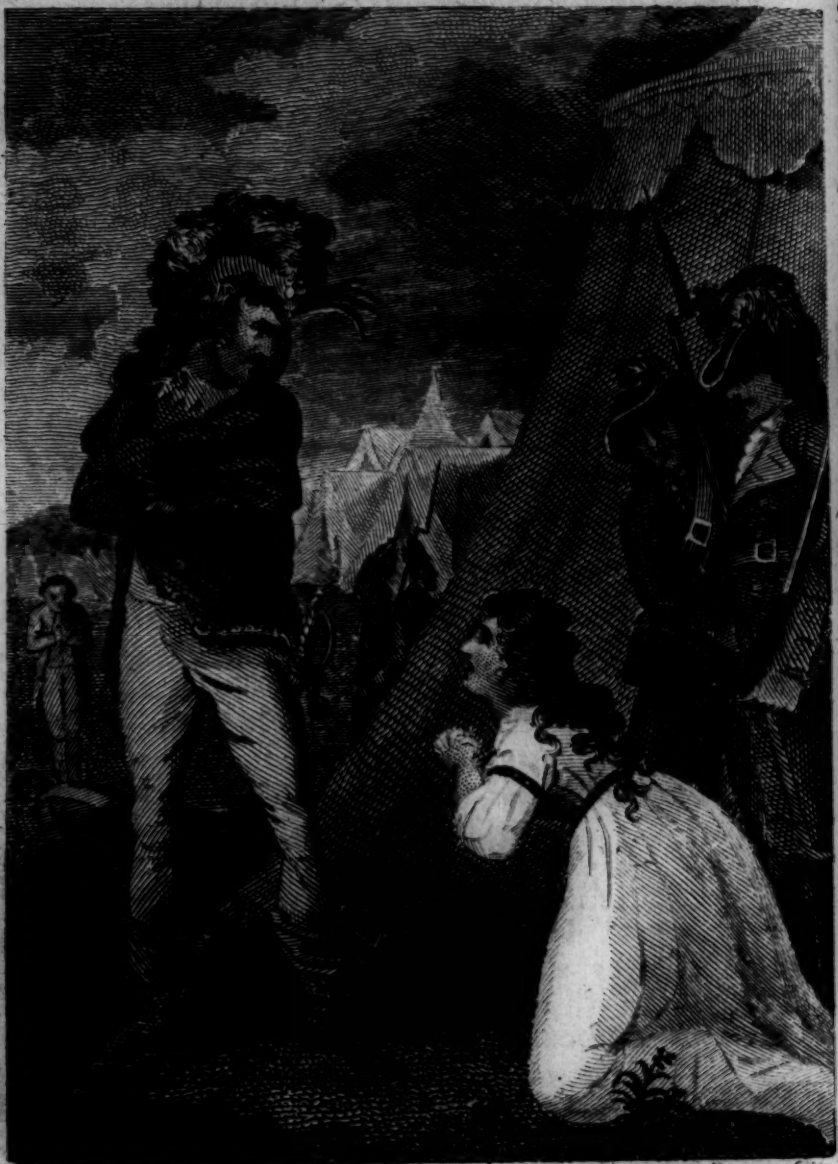
5 OC 57

* This piece was occafioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the weftern rebellion, 1685, who debauched a young lady, with a promife to fave her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.



5 OC 57

[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly a letter or note, located below the photograph.]



Deuchar & Co. del.

J. Murray sculp.

*Distracted almost, to his Tent I flew,
To make the last efforts what Tears could do,
Low on my knees I fell, then thus began:
Great genius of Success, thou more than Man.*

Published by J. Roach, Woburn Street New Drury Theatre Royal Jan^r. 31. 1793.

ROACH'S BEAUTIES OF THE POETS.

CRUELTY and LUST AND

The Choice.

by the Rev.^d M.^r John Pomfret.

An Address to Winter,

by M.^r Cowper.

&c. &c.



LONDON

Printed by & for J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office,
New Street New Drury Theatre Royal January 31. 1793.

CHRISTIANITY AND
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Amongst the crouds of western youths, who ran
 To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy man,*
 My husband, fatally uniting, went ;
 Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event,
 But when the battle was by treach'ry won,
 The chief, and all but his false friend, undone ;
 Tho' in the tumult of that desprate night
 He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight,
 Yet the sagacious blood-hounds, skill'd too well
 In all the murd'ring qualities of hell,
 Each secret place so regularly beat,
 They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.
 As hungry wolves, triumphing o'er their prey,
 To sure destruction hurry them away :
 So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
 With Charion to the common butch'ry run,
 Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood
 To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.
 Our friends, by pow'rful intercession, gain'd
 A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
 To try all ways might to compassion move
 The savage general : but in vain they strove.
 When I perceiv'd that all addresses fail'd,
 And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd,
 Distracted almost to his tent I flew,
 To make the last efforts what tears could do.
 Low on my knees I fell, then thus began :
 Great genius of success, thou more than man !
 Whose arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
 And carry'd conquest round the trembling world,
 Still may the brightest glories fame can lend,
 Your sword, your conduct, and your cause attend.
 Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,
 While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit :
 Oh pity the unfortunate ! and give
 But this one thing ! Oh let but Charion live,
 And take the little all that we possess :
 I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress :

H 3

* The Duke of Monmouth.

Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg, to earn my bread:
 Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.
 The fall of such a youth no lustre brings,
 To him whose sword performs such wond'rous things,
 As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings,
 That triumph only with true grandeur shines,
 Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
 Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,
 Took not more pleasure to subdue than spare:
 And since in battle you can greater be,
 That over, ben't less merciful than he.
 Ignoble spirits by revenge are known.
 And cruel actions spoil the conqu'ror's crown;
 In future hist'ries fill each mournful page
 With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
 And while his annals are with horror read,
 Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
 Oh, do not sully with a sanguine dye,
 The foulest stain, so fair a memory!
 Then as you live the glory of our isle,
 And fate on all your expeditions smile:
 So when a noble course you've bravely ran,
 Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.
 None can the turns of Providence foresee,
 Or what their own catastrophe must be;
 Therefore to persons lab'ring under woe,
 That mercy they may want, should always show:
 For, in the chance of war, the slightest thing
 May lose the battle, or the vict'ry bring,
 And how would you that general's honour prize,
 Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice?

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
 To justice forfeits his opprobrious head:
 But 'tis unhappy Charion's first offence,
 Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence,
 To take the inj'ring side by error brought;
 He had no malice, tho' he has the fault.
 Let the old tempters find a shameful grave;
 But the half-innocent, the tempted, save.

Vengeance divine, tho' for the greatest crime,
 But rarely strikes the first or second time :
 And he best follows the Almighty's will,
 Who spares the guilty he has pow'r to kill.
 When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,
 And wild disorders in a land create,
 'Tis requisite the first promoters shou'd
 Put out the flames they kindled, with their blood :
 But sure 'tis a degree of murder, all
 That draw their swords, should undistinguish'd fall ;
 And since a mercy must to some be shown,
 Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one :
 For as none guilty has less guilt than he ;
 So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

When David's general had won the field,
 And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful kill'd ;
 The trumpet's sounding made all slaughter cease,
 And misled Israelites return'd in peace.
 The action past, where so much blood was spilt,
 We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt :
 But all concludes with the desir'd event,
 The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent,
 As great examples your high courage warms,
 And to illustrious deeds excites your arms :
 So when you instances of mercy view,
 They should inspire you with compassion too :
 For he that emulates the truly brave,
 Would always conquer, and should always save.

Here interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
 (Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)
 " Madam, his life depends upon my will,
 For ev'ry rebel I can spare, or kill :
 I'll think of what you've said ; this night return
 At ten, perhaps, you'll have no cause to mourn.
 Go see your husband, bid him not despair ;
 His crime is great, but you are wond'rous fair."

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,
 Anddire confusion in our spirits raise,
 Upon the least appearance of relief
 Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief,
 Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,
 Which thro' false optics our deliverance show ;
 For while we fancy danger does appear
 Most at a distance, it is oft too near :
 And many times secure from obvious foes,
 We fall into an ambuscade of woes.

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,
 I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh ;
 And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey
 Of this blood-thirsty fiend in durance lay.
 When Charion saw me from his turfy bed,
 With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head :
 " Oh, fly my dear, this guilty place, (he cry'd)
 And in some distant clime thy virtue hide !
 Here nothing but the foulest demons dwell,
 The refuse of the damn'd, and mob of hell :
 The air they breathe is ev'ry atom curst,
 There's no degrees of ill, for all are worst.
 In rapes and murders they alone delight,
 And villainies of less importance flight :
 Aft' em indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd
 For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.
 Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,
 And seems to merit that high station too ;
 Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
 By Asmodai and Moloc both possess'd.
 When told you went to intercede for me,
 It threw my soul into an agony ;
 Not that I would but for my freedom give
 What's requisite, or do not wish to live :
 But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
 Or buy a few short years with long disgrace.
 Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
 For me expos'd to an eternal shame.

With ignominy to preserve my breath,
 Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
 But if I can't my life with honour save,
 With honour I'll descend into the grave.
 For tho' revenge and malice both combine,
 (As both to fix my ruin seems to join)
 Yet maugre all their violence and skill,
 I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.

But what is death we so unwisely fear ?
 An end of all our busy tumults here :
 The equal lot of poverty and state,
 Which all partake of by a certain fate.
 Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
 At divers ages, and by divers ways,
 Will find 'em from this noisy scene retire ;
 Some the first minute that they breathe expire :
 Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go,
 But die before they good or evil know.
 Here one to puberty arrives, and then
 Returns lamented to the dust again :
 Another there, maintains a longer strife
 With all the pow'rful enemies of life :
 Till with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
 He drops into the dark, and disappears.
 I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see
 Times future long, and late posterity.
 'Tis what with reason I should wish to do,
 If to be old were to be happy too.
 But since substantial grief so soon destroys
 The gust of all imaginary joys,
 Who would be too importunate to live,
 Or more for life, than it can merit, give ?

Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
 The boundless realms of vast eternity ;
 Where minds remov'd from earthly bodies dwell !
 But who their government or laws can tell ?
 What's their employment till the final doom,
 And time's eternal period shall come ?

Thus much the sacred oracles declare,
 That all are blest, or miserable there ;
 Tho' if there's such variety of fate,
 None good expire too soon, none bad too late.
 For my own part, with resignation still,
 I can submit to my Creator's will :
 Let him recall the breath from him I drew,
 When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too ;
 The way of dying is my least concern,
 That will give no disturbance to my urn :
 If to the seats of happiness I go,
 There end all possible returns of woe :
 And when to those blest mansions I arrive,
 With pity I'll behold those that survive.
 Once more I beg, you'd from these tents retreat,
 And leave me to my innocence and fate."

" Chariot, said I, O do not urge my flight !
 I'll see th' event of this important night ;
 Some strange presages in my soul forebode
 The worst of mis'ries, or the greatest good.
 Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom,
 A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb :
 If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
 If gracious heav'n will suffer me to die.
 For when you are to endless raptures gone,
 If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.
 Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
 From sly injustice, or oppressive might ?
 Protect her person, or her cause defend ?
 She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend.
 I've no distrust of Providence, but still
 'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill :
 And those can have no reason to repent,
 Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
 But to a world of everlasting bliss,
 Why would you go and leave me here in this ?
 'Tis a dark passage, but our foes shall view,
 I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave, as you :

That my behaviour to the last may prove,
Your courage is not greater than my love."

The hour approach'd : As to Neronior's tent
With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,
A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,
By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd ;
Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would show
Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
A wretched, poor old man, besmear'd with blood,
And at his feet, just thro' his body run,
Struggling for life, was laid his only son :
By whose hard labour he was daily fed,
Dividing still with pious care his bread ;
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
The sole support of his decrepid years,
The barb'rous mob, whose rage no limit knows,
With blasphemous derision mock'd his woes.

There under a wide oak, disconsolate,
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sat :
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung ;
Beneath, the children round their mother clung :
They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief ;
For all they had to live upon was grief :
A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
No creature merely human long could bear.
First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
And, with a groan, did to her husband look ;
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and sighing, cry'd.
Pity me, Saviour of the world ! and dy'd.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers mourn'd :
Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers wept ;
Pris'ners of war in chains for slaughter kept.
Each ev'ry hour did the black message dread,
Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.
Then, I beheld with brutal shouts of mirth,
A comely youth, and of no common birth,

To execution led, who hardly bore
 The wounds in battle he receiv'd before :
 And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
 " I neither wish to live, nor fear to die."

At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
 They did me to the general convey :
 Who thus began —

" Madam ! by fresh intelligence, I find
 That Charion's treason's of the blackest kind ;
 And my commission is express to spare
 None that so deeply in rebellion are.

New measures therefore 'tis in vain to try :

No pardon can be granted : he must die.—

Must, or I hazard all, which yet I'd do,

To be oblig'd in one request by you :

And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,

Be mine this night, I'll set your husband free.

Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success

By supple flatt'ry, and by soft address ;

The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,

Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies' hearts,

But I can no such whining methods use ;

Consent, he lives ; he dies if you refuse."

Amaz'd at this demand, said I, " The brave
 Upon ignoble terms disdain to save :

They let their captives still with honour live ;

Nor more require than what themselves would give :

For gen'rous victors, as they scorn to do

Dishonest things, scorn to propose 'em too.

Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,

Should with no devious appetite be join'd :

For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,

Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.

Great men their actions of a piece should have

Heroic all, and each entirely brave ;

From the nice rules of honour none should swerve ;

Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

The crimes now charg'd on the unhappy youth
 May have revenge and malice, but no truth.

Suppose the accusation justly brought,
 And clearly prov'd to the minutest fault;
 Yet mercy's next to infinite, abate
 Offences next to infinitely great :
 And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,
 In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.
 Your prince's frowns, if you have cause to fear,
 This act will more illustrious appear ;
 Tho' his excuse can never be withstood,
 Who disobey, but only to be good.
 Perhaps the hazard's more than you express ;
 The glory would be, were the danger less.
 For he that to his prejudice will do
 A noble action, and a gen'rous too,
 Deserves to wear a more resplendant crown,
 Than he that has a thousand battles won ;
 Do not invert divine compassion, so
 As to be cruel, or no mercy show !
 Of what renown can such an action be,
 Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me ?
 Tho' if you finally resolve to stand
 Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,
He must submit ; if 'tis my fate to mourn
 His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn."

" Well, madam, haughtily, Neronier cry'd,
 Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.
 But, to prevent all prospect of a flight,
 Some of my *Lambs* * shall be your guard to-night ;
 By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd,
 They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd ;
 Perhaps you'll find them so genteelly bred,
 They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.
 Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
 The night must pass delightfully along :
 And in the morning, since you will not give
 What I require, to let your husband live,

Vol. V. 19.

I

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his Lambs.

You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
 And gently swing into the arms of death.
 His fate he merits, as to rebels due,
 And your's will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh Celia, think! so far as thought can show,
 What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
 At this dire resolution seiz'd my breast!
 By all things sad and terrible possess'd.
 In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
 For all my pray'rs was to a tyger made;
 A tyger! worse, for 'tis beyond dispute,
 No fiend's so cruel as a reas'ning brute.
 Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
 With all the squadrons of despair and grief;
 Ruin—it was not possible to shun;

What could I do? Oh! what would you have done?

The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,
 With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.

When, to involve me with consummate grief,
 Beyond expression, and above belief,

“Madam (the monster cried) that you may find
 I can be grateful to the fair that's kind,
 Step to the door, I'll show you such a sight,
 Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.

Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
 Become the gibbet, and adorn the string?

You need not now an injur'd husband dread,
 Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.

'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life,
 He would, perhaps, have scorn'd so chaste a wife,

And, madam, you'll excuse the zeal I show!
 To keep that secret none alive should know.”

“Curs'd of all creatures, for compar'd with thee,
 The devils, said I, are dull in cruelty.

O may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
 And, wasteless, their eternal hunger feed;

In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
 The burning earnest of a hotter hell;

May that vile lump of execrable lust
 Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust:
 May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,
 With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath:
 And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,
 In thine own person all united bear."

Oh, Celia! O my friend, what age can show
 Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?
 Indeed it does not infinite appear,
 Because it can't be everlasting here;
 But 'tis so vast that it can ne'er increase,
 And so confirm'd it never can be less.

THE CHOICE,

By the Rev. Mr. JOHN POMFRET.

IF heav'n the grateful liberty woud give,
 That I might chuse my method how to live,
 And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
 In blissful ease and satisfaction spend.

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
 Built uniform; not little, nor too great;
 Better if on a rising ground it stood;
 On this side fields, on that a neighb'ring wood.
 It should, within, no other things contain
 But what were useful, necessary, plain:
 Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
 The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
 A little garden, grateful to the eye,
 And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by;
 On whose delicious banks a stately row
 Of shady limes or sycamores should grow.
 At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
 Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd.

Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
 Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
 Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
 Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
 He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
 In which strong Art with stronger Nature joins,
 Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
 His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well.
 With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
 Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence,
 In some of these, as fancy should advise,
 I'd always take my morning exercise:

For sure no minutes bring us more content
 Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
 That I might live genteelly, but not great:
 As much as I could moderately spend,
 A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend.
 Nor should the sons of poverty repine
 Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine:
 And all that objects of true pity were
 Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare,
 For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
 Should be return'd, in gratitude to heav'n.
 A frugal plenty should my table spread:
 With healthy, not luxurious dishes fed;
 Enough to satisfy, and something more
 To feed the stranger, and the neighb'ring poor:
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food,
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
 But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take, and, as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
 With the best wines each vintage could afford.
 Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse;
 By making all our spirits debonair,
 Throws off the lees, the sediments of care.

But as the greatest blessing heaven lends,
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends:
 So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
 Does many mischievous effects produce,
 My house should no such rude disorders know,
 As from high drinking consequently flow:
 Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n,
 To the dishonour of indulgent heav'n.
 If any neighbour came, he should be free,
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my retreat, or to himself and me.
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,
 All men may with impunity receive:
 But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life might be more comfortable yet,
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great:
 I'd chuse two friends, whose company would be
 A great advance to my felicity.
 Well born, of humours suited to my own;
 Discreet, and men, as well as books, have known:
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose behaviour or formality.
 Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
 Quick in discerning and in judging right.
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
 In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just,
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave.
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide.
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
 Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state.
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite:
 Not quarrellsome, but stout enough to fight.
 Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar, true
 As dying martyrs to their Maker too.
 In their society I could not miss,
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous heav'n once more indulge, I'd chuse
 (For who would so much satisfaction lose.
 As witty nymphs, in conversation give)
 Near some obliging, modest fair to live;
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find:
 That by a secret, but a pow'rful art,
 Winds up the springs of life, and does impart
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passions sway;
 Easy in company, in private gay:
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free,
 Still constant to herself, and just to me.
 A soul she should have for great actions fit:
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
 Courage to look bold danger in the face,
 No fear, but only to be proud or base:
 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
 To give good counsel, or to take the best.
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much,
 That shews a want of judgment, and of sense:
 More than enough is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind,
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd.
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
 No censure might upon her actions fall:
 Then would e'en envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire,
 Her conversation would new joys inspire;
 Gives life an edge so keen, no surly care
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare
 Near my retreat to hide one secret snare,
 But so divine, so noble a repast
 I'd seldom, and with moderation taste;

For highest cordials all their virtue lose;
 By a too frequent and too bold a use:
 And what would cheer the spirit to distress,
 Ruins our health when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar,
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
 Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,
 T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or sword.
 Law suits I'd shun with as much studious care
 As I would dens where hungry lions are:
 And rather put up injuries, than be
 A plague to him who'd be a plague to me;
 I value quiet at a price too great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,
 But counterfeit delight, for real pain.

If heaven a date of many years would give,
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live:
 And, as I near approach'd the verge of life,
 Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
 Should take upon him all my worldly care,
 While I did for a better state prepare.
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd;
 Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd,
 But by a silent and a peaceful death,
 Without a sigh, resign my aged breath:
 And when committed to the dust, I'd have
 Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave:
 Then would my exit so propitious be,
 All men would wish to live and die like me.

THE
C A M P A I G N.

By JOSEPH ADDISON.

To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, 1705.

- " — Rheni pacator et Istri
" Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
" Ordinibus ; laetatur eques, plaudique senator,
" Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."

CLAUD. *de Laud. Stilic.*

- " Esse aliquam in terris gentem quae sua impensa, suo labore
" ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc
" finitimis, aut propinquae vicinitatis hominibus, aut
" terris continenti junctis praester. Maria trajiciat : ne
" quod tuto orbo terrarum injustum imperium sit, et
" ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint."

LIV. *Hist. lib. 33.*

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name ;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause ;
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once ; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year :
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side ;

Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
 And in the midst of his wide empire flood;
 Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
 Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
 Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
 The rising Danube its long race began,
 And half its course thro' the new conquests ran;
 Amaz'd, and anxious for her sov'reigns' fates,
 Germania trembled through a hundred states;
 Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
 He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair,
 His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes;
 On her resolves the western world relies;
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
 In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
 Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdom's rent,
 To sit the guardian of the continent!
 That sees her bravest sons advanc'd so high,
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes and follies of a court;
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,
 From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
 Their sov'reign's well distinguish'd smiles they share;
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
 The nation thanks them with a public voice;
 By show'rs of blessings heaven approves their choice;
 Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
 And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
 Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
 Her chief already has his march begun,
 Crossing the provinces himself had won,
 Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
 Retards the progress of the moving war.

Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
 In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul,
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts,
 Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
 The vengeance due to their great death was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he pass'd,
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
 Forming the wond'rous year within his thought,
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
 The long laborious march he first surveys,
 And joins the distant Danube to the Maese;
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues
 Infested by the burning Scorpion's heat,
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
 Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
 Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
 (Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
 To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
 Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
 When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
 That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
 The midnight watches, and the noon day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
 (Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
 Breathing revenge ; whilst anger and disdain
 Fire every breast, and boil in every vein.
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks from far
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war ;
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
 Eugenio to the glorious interview.
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn :
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
 Of mounting spirits, and fomenting blood ;
 Lodg'd in the soul ; with virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the field of battle shown :
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
 Heaven dares entrust the cause of human kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
 Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms ;
 Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
 With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound :
 Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
 Eager for glory, and require the fight.
 So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees :
 But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past ;
 Th' immortal Schellenburg appears at last ;

Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
 Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;
 Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
 Threat'ning destruction: rows of hollow brass,
 Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep.
 Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious fight,
 His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
 And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
 Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes
 Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
 Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
 The close compacted Britons win their way;
 In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
 With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste!
 Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
 Thro' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
 Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
 And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hōsts engage:
 The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
 With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
 Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
 Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly d'e,
 And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
 New to the field, and heroes in their bloom!
 Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
 To march where Britons never march'd before
 (Oh fatal love of fame! oh glorious heat,
 Only destructive to the brave and great!)
 After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
 Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts, breathe their last.
 But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
 Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
 While Marl'rough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
 A friendly light, and shine in innocence.

Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
 Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed ;
 Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
 And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
 To brave the thickest terrors of the war ;
 Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
 Britannia's safety, and the world's repose :
 Let nations anxious for thy life abate
 This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate :
 Thou liv'st not for thyself : thy queen demands
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
 And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long disputed pass they gain,
 By crowded armies fortified in vain ;
 The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
 And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
 So Belgium mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
 The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling tides :
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
 Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
 The trembling peasant sees his country round
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
 In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
 And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
 'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unrelenting force,
 The gay victorious army bends its course.
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
 Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
 (The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares
 The food of armies and support of wars :
 With magazines of death, destructive balls,
 And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,

The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost.
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own !
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there ! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms ;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain ;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land ;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat.
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake :
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands ;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangours animates the war ;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.

Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's join'd,
 Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
 The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
 And, while the thick embattled hosts he views,
 Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
 States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
 Sighs from the depths of gloomy dungeons heard,
 And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd.
 Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
 And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
 The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
 His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
 The long extended squadrons shape their way!
 Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
 No vulgar fears can British minds controul:
 Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
 Though fens and floods possess a middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
 Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But oh, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
 The victor's shouts, and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war:
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squad'rons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household troops advance!
 The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
 And with a general's love of conquest glows;
 Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
 Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay;
 A thousand glorious actions that might claim
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
 Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
 O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
 And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
 Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun:
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
 Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd.

Midst heaps of spears and standards driven round,
 Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpoo's drown'd.
 Troops of bold youths born on the distant Soane,
 Or founding borders of the rapid Rhone,
 Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
 Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides,
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
 And into Scythian seas their bloated corpse convey.
 From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
 Beholds the various havock of the fight;
 His waving banners, that so oft had stood
 Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken folds remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tassard! Oh, who can name
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
 That with mix'd tumults in thy bosom swell'd,
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
 Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground:
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
 The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
 An English muse is touch'd with generous woe,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
 Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
 The fatal field by such great leaders won,
 The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
 Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
 Or 'midst the roaring of the Danube drown'd:

Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
 In painful bondage, and inglorious chains ;
 Ev'n those who scape the fetters and the sword,
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 Their raging king dishonours, to complete
 Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburgh's
 walls,

The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls ;
 Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
 The rescued states his great protection claim :
 Whilst Ulm th' approach of her deliverer waits,
 And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines :
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 O'er the wide continent his march extends ;
 If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd.
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,
 The fate of Europe turns on its event,
 What distant land, what region can afford
 An action worthy his victorious sword ?
 Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
 To make the series of his toils complete ?

Where the swollen Rhine, rushing with all its force
 Divides the hostile nations in its course.
 While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
 On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide-extended plain commands ;
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side ;
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
 Hither out mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects ;

And though the dog-star had its course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun;
 Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
 The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
 No toils are painful that can danger shew,
 No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The loving Gaul, by his own bounds restrain'd,
 Learns to encamp within his native land;
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies;
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain
 Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal plain:
 In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
 Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
 That bears the force of armies in his name,

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
 That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
 The great supporter of his father's throne:
 What tides of glory in his bosom ran,
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
 And Nereus shone but in the second place;
 Thus the great father of almighty Rome
 (Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
 That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
 In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth, by Marlborough's presence charm'd
 Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,

On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
 Discharges all his thunder on its walls ;
 O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
 And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

'The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
 Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
 To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
 And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
 And bless'd by rescued nations as he goes.
 Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
 And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms ;
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
 While Marlborough presses to the bold attack.
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
 And shews how Landau might have fall'n before.
 Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey ;
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
 The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cause,
 By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
 Ranges thro' nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
 By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
 And taste the sweets of English liberty :
 But who can tell the joys of those that lie,
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye !
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
 Like Heaven's indulgence, that descend on all,
 Secure the happy, succour the distressed,
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse ;

That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
 May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
 When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak :
 Gods may descend in fictions from the skies,
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
 And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
 Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
 And proudly shine in their own native light :
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
 And those who paint them truest, praise them most.

ON BRIBERY.

A Poor man once a judge besought
 To judge aright his cause ;
 And with a pot of oil salutes
 This judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good :
 He glad away did trudge ;
 Anon his wealthy foe did come
 Before this partial judge.

A hog well fed this churl presents,
 And craves a strain of law ;
 The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
 Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cried, O partial judge,
 Thy doom has me undone ;
 When oil I gave, my cause was good,
 But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
 And see thy cause of foil ;
 A hog came since into my house,
 And broke thy pot of oil.

An Address to Winter. COWPER.

OH Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with fleet like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
 A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
 A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
 Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him impatient of his stay
 Down to the rosy west. But kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering at short notice in one group
 The family dispers'd, and fixing thought
 Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted ev'ning know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
 No powder'd pert proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
 Till the street rings. No stationary fleeds
 Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn
 Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
 A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow

With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page, by one
 Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry: the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
 The volume clos'd, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
 Such as the mistress of the world once found
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
 Perhaps by moon-light at their humble doors,
 And under an old oak's domestic shade,
 Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with memory's pointing wand
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
 Unlook'd for, like preserv'd and peace restor'd,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
 Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
 The Sabine bard. Oh evenings! I reply,
 More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
 As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation. MILTON.

VIRTUE could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

On May Morning. MILTON.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

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Jealousy. YOUNG.

——— **IT** is Jealousy's peculiar nature
 To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
 To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
 Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

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*Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead Man by the hand;
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life:
Would I had lost my land.*

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THE
HUNTING of CHEVY CHASE.

A Summer Evening Meditation

by M^{rs} Barbauld.

The History of John Gilpin,

by M^r Comper.

Various Pieces

by Dean Swift

&c. &c.



LONDON.

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T H E
HUNTING IN CHEVY-CHASE.

A BALLAD.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way ;
The child may rule that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take ;
The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.

These tidings to earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay ;
Who sent earl Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport :
The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well, in time of need,
 To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow deer :
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 When day-light did appear ;

And, long before high noon, they had
 A hundred fat bucks slain ;
 Then, having din'd, the drovers went
 To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
 Well able to endure :
 Their backfides all, with special care,
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
 The nimble deer to take ;
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went.
 To view the slaughter'd deer ;
 Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
 This day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come
 No longer would I flay,
 With that a brave young gentleman
 Thus to the earl did say :

Ló! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright ;
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
 Are marching in our fight ;

All men of pleasant Tividale,
 Fast by the river Tweed,
 Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
 And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance :
 For never was there champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France.

That ever did on horseback come,
 But if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter, man for man,
 With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white flead,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armour shone like gold ;

Shew me, said he, whose men ye be
 That hunt so boldly here ;
 That, without my consent, do chase
 And kill my fallow deer ?

The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble Percy, he ;
 Who said, we list not to declare,
 Nor shew whose men we be :

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
 The chiefest harts to slay.
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
 And thus in rage did say :

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
 One of us two shall die :
 I know thee well ; an earl thou art,
 Lord Percy ; so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
 And great offence, to kill
 Any of these our harmless men,
 For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurs'd be he, lord Percy said,
 By whom this is denied.

Then

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To Henry our king, for shame.

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on,
 You be two earls, said Witherington,
 And I a 'squire alone :

I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have strength to stand ;
 While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true ;
 At the first flight of arrows sent,
 Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Douglas had the bent ;
 A captain, mov'd with mickle pride,
 The spears to shivers sent,

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
 No slackness there was found ;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground,

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scatter'd here and there:

At last these two stout earls did mee
 Like captains of great might ;
 Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
 And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steel ;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas said ;
 In faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 By James our Scottish king.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee :
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
 Thy proffer I do scorn ;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.

With

With that there came an arrow keen
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words than these
 Fight on, my merry men all ;
 For why ? my life is at an end :
 Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand :
 And said, earl Douglas, for thy life,
 Would I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure a more renowned knight
 Misfortune did never take.

A knight among the Scots there was,
 Who saw earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the earl Percy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd ;
 Who, with a spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And,

And, pass'd the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear ;
 And through earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear :

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The spear went through the other side
 A large cloth yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain,
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he :

Against sir Hugh Montgomery
 So right the shaft he set.
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
 Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rung the evening-bell
 The battle scarce was done.

With

With the earl Percy there was slain
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and fir John,
 Sir James that bold baron :

And with fir George, and good fir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good fir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain
 Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
 One foot would never flee

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliffe too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in like wise,
 Did with earl Douglas die :
 Oft twenty hundred Scottish spears,
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
 Went home but fifty-three :
 The rest were slain in Chevy chase,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail ;
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
 They bore with them away :
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
 Where Scotland's king did reign,
 That brave earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news ! king James did say ;
 Scotland can witness be,
 I have not any captain more
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slain in Cheyy-Chase.

Now

Now God be with him, said our king,

Sith 'twill no better be ;

I trust I have within my realm

Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot, nor Scotland say,

But I will vengeance take ;

And be revenged on them all

For brave lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,

After, on Humbledown,

In one day fifty knights were slain,

With lords of great renown ;

And of the rest, of small account,

Did many hundreds die.

Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chase,

Made by the earl Percy.

God save the king, and blefs the land

In plenty, joy, and peace ;

And grant, henceforth, that foul debate

'Twixt noblemen may cease.

A SUM-

A

SUMMER EVENING's MEDITATION,

By Mrs. BARBAULD.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine. YOUNG.

'TIS past! the sultry tyrant of the south

Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grateful

Move silent on: the skies no more repel [hours]

The dazzled sight; but, with mild maiden beams

Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye

To wander o'er their sphere; where hung aloft

Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow

New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,

Impatient for the night, and seems to push

Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines

Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam

Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood

Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.

The shadows spread apace; while meekn'd Eve,

Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires

Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,

And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour

When contemplation, from her sunless haunts,

The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth

Of

Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in silent shade
 She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
 And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
 Moves forward ; and with radiant finger points
 To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
 Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
 Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of æther
 One boundless blaze ; ten thousand trembling fires,
 And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,
 Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
 O'er all this field of glories : spacious field,
 And worthy of the master : he whose hand,
 With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
 Inscib'd the mystic tablet ; hung on high
 To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man,
 The finger of thy God ! From what pure wells
 Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
 Are all these lamps so fill'd ? these friendly lamps,
 For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
 To point our path, and light us to our home.
 How soft they slide along their lucid spheres !
 And, silent as the foot of Time, fulfil
 Their destin'd courses : Nature's self is hush'd,
 And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'
 The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
 To break the midnight air ; tho' the rais'd ear,
 Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
 How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise !
 But are they silent all ? or is there not

A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,
 And wooes him to be wise ? nor wooes in vain :
 This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
 And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
 At this still hour the self-collected soul
 Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
 Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;
 An embryo God ; a spark of fire divine,
 Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
 (Fair transitory creature of a day !)
 Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
 Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods !
 Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul
 Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
 With recollected tenderness, on all
 The various busy scenes she left below,
 Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
 As on some fond and doating tale that sooth'd
 Her infant hours—O be it lawful now
 To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
 And with mute wonder and delighted awe
 Approach your burning confines. Seiz'd in thought,
 On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
 From the green borders of the peopled earth,
 And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant ;
 From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb
 Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk

Dances

Dances in ether like the lightest leaf ;
 To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
 Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his wat'ry moons,
 Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
 Sits like an exil'd monarch: fearless thence
 I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
 Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
 Of elder beam ; which ask no leave to shine
 Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
 From the proud regent of our scanty day ;
 Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
 And only less than him who marks their track,
 And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
 Or is there aught beyond ? What hand unseen
 Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
 Of habitable nature, far remote,
 To the dread confines of eternal night,
 To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
 The desarts of creation, wide and wild,
 Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
 Sleep in the womb of chaos ? Fancy droops,
 And thought astonish'd stops her bold career,
 But, oh thou mighty mind ! whose pow'rful word
 Said, thus let all things be, and thus they were,
 Where shall I seek thy presence ? how unblam'd
 Invoke thy dread perfection ?——
 Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee ?
 Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion

Support thy throne ? O look with pity down
 On erring, guilty man ! not in thy names
 Of terror clad ; not with those thunders arm'd
 That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appal'd
 The scatter'd tribes ! thou hast a gentler voice,
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
 Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'r
 In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
 And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
 Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams ;
 A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
 And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
 Content and grateful, wait th' appointed time,
 And ripen for the skies : the hour will come
 When all these splendours bursting on my sight
 Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

*The diverting History of John Gilpin; shewing how
he went farther than he intended, and came
safe home again. COWPER.*

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world doth know,
 And my good friend the callender
 Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's well said;
 And, for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnish'd with our own,
 Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kifs'd his loving wife;
 O'erjoy'd was he to find
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allow'd
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
 Where they did all get in.
 Six precious souls, and all agog
 To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
 Were never folk so glad;
 The stones did rattle underneath
 As if Cheapside were mad.

John

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in,

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true ;

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
 Away went hat and wig;
 He little dreamt, when he sat out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamers long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At least it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had flung;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
 Up flew the windows all;
 And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!
 As loud as they could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he;
 His fame soon spread around—
 He carries weight! he rides a race!
 'Tis for a thousand pound.

And

And still as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view
 How in a trice the turnpike men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horses flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle brac'd ;
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 And till he came into the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From balcony espied
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much
 To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! here's the house—
 They all at once did cry ;
 The dinner waits, and we are tir'd ;
 Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclin'd to tarry there ;
 For why ? his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And fore against his will,
 Till at his friend's, the callender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him.

What

What news ! what news ! your tidings tell,
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke :
 And thus unto the callender
 In merry guise he spoke :

I came because your horse would come,
 And, if I well forbode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here,
 They are upon the road.

The callender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in :

Whence strait he came with hat and wig
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus shew'd his ready wit :
 My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

But

But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face ;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding-day ;
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse he said
 I am in haste to dine :
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For while he spake a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar ;
 And gallop'd off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why ? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell,
 This shall be yours when you bring back
 My husband safe and well,

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back again,
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frighted steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went post-boy at his heels,
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue and cry :

Stop

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!

Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that pass'd that way

Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again

Flew open in short space;

The toll-men thinking, as before,

That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,

For he got first to town,

Nor stopp'd till where he first got up

He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,

And Gilpin, long live he;

And when he next doth ride abroad,

May I be there to see!

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault, ' Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis.

nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas.'

" In the adversity of our best friends, we always
" find something that doth not displease us."

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast;
" In all distresses of our friends,
" We first consult our private ends;
" While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
" Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?

Then

Then let me have the higher post;
 Suppose it but an inch at most.
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won :
 Rather than thus be over-topt,
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without ;
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he ?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell.

Her end when emulation misses,
 She turns to envy, stings and hisses :
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.
 Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, pow'r, and station,
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.
 I have no title to aspire ;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher,

In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one couplet fix,
 More sense than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, "Pox take him, and his wit!"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside :
 If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em.

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
 I tamely can endure the first;
 But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
 Proceed we therefore with our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
 Must by the course of nature die :

When,

When, I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends :
 And, though 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :

“ See how the Dean begins to break !

“ Poor gentleman, he droops apace !

“ You plainly find it in his face.

“ That old vertigo in his head

“ Will never leave him till he's dead,

“ Besides, his memory decays :

“ He recollects not what he says :

“ He cannot call his friends to mind ;

“ Forgets the place where last he din'd ;

“ Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;

“ He told them fifty times before.

“ How does he fancy we can sit

“ To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?

“ But he takes up with younger folks,

“ Who for his wine will bear his jokes.

“ Faith ! he must make his stories shorter,

“ Or change his comrades once a-quarter :

“ In half the time he talks them round.

“ There must another set be found,

“ For Poetry he's past his prime :

“ He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;

“ His fire is out, his wit decay'd,

“ His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.

“ I'd

“ I’d have him throw away his pen ;
 “ But there’s no talking to some men !”

And then their tenderness appears.

By adding largely to my years :

“ He’s older than he would be reckon’d,

“ And well remembers Charles the Second.

“ He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;

“ And that, I doubt is no good sign,

“ His stomach too begins to fail :

“ Last year we thought him strong and hale ;

“ But now he’s quite another thing :

“ I wish he may hold out till spring !”

“ They hug themselves, and reason thus :

“ It is not yet as bad with us !”

In such a case, they talk in tropes,

And by their fears express their hopes.

Some great misfortune to portend,

No enemy can match a friend.

With all the kindness they profess,

The merit of a lucky guess

(When daily how-d’ye’s come of course,

And servants answer, “ Worse and worse !”

Would please them better, than to tell

That, “ God be prais’d, the Dean is well,”

Then he, who prophesied the best,

Approves his foresight to the rest :

“ You know I always fear’d the worst,

“ And often told you so at first.”

He’d

He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lye.
Not one foretels I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain ;
How many a message would he send !
What hearty pray'rs that I should mend !
Inquire what regimen I kept :
What gave me ease, and how I slept !
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions never fear ;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
“ How is the Dean ? ” — “ He's just alive.”
Now the departing pray'r is read ;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead !

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.

“ O ! may we all for death prepare !

“ What has he left ? and who's his heir ?

“ I know no more than what the news is ;

“ 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.

“ To public uses ! there's a whim !

“ What have the public done for him ?

“ Mere

“ Mere envy, avarice, and pride !

“ He gave it all—but first he died.

“ And had the Dean, in all the nation.

“ No worthy friend, no poor relation ?

“ So ready to do strangers good,

“ Forgetting his own flesh and blood !”

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd ;

With elegies the town is cloy'd :

Some paragraph in every paper,

To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,

Wisely on me lay all the blame.

“ We must confess his case was nice ;

“ But he would never take advice.

“ Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,

“ He might have liv'd these twenty years.

“ For, when we open'd him, we found

“ That all his vital parts were found.”

From Dublin soon to London spread,

'Tis told at court, “ The Dean is dead.”

And Lady Suffolk*, in the spleen,

Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.

The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,

Cries, “ Is he gone ? 'tis time he shou'd,

“ He's dead, you say ? then let him rot ;

“ I'm glad the medals† were forgot.

“ I promis'd

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.

† Which the Dean in vain expected in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess.

" I promis'd him, I own ; but when ?

" I only was the Princess then :

" But now, as consort of the King,

" You know 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres at Sir Robert's levee ;
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :

" Why, if he died without his shoes,"

Cries Bob, " I'm sorry for the news :

" O were the wretch but living still,

" And in his place my good friend Will !

" Or had a mitre on his head,

" Provided Bolingbroke were dead !"

Now Curl his shop from rubbish drains :

Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !

And then, to make them pass the glibber,

Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.

He'll treat me as he does my betters,

Publish my will, my life, my letters ;

Revive the libels born to die,

Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent

How those I love my death lament.

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,

" I'm sorry—but we all must die !"

Indifference,

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies :
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those who never pity felt ?
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen.
 When death approach'd to stand between :
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling :
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :

“ The Dean is dead : (pray what is trumps ?) .

“ Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !

“ (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole) .

“ Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall ;

“ (I wish I knew what king to call) .

“ Madam, your husband will attend

“ The funeral of so good a friend ?

“ No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight ;

“ And he's engag'd to-morrow night :

“ My Lady Club will take it ill

“ If he should fail her at quadrille,

“ He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)—

“ But dearest friends, they say, must part.

“ His

" His time was come ; he ran his race ;

" We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?

No loss more easy to supply,

One year is past—a different scene !

No farther mention of the Dean :

Who now, alas ! no more is miss'd,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the favourite of Apollo ?

Departed—and his works must follow ;

Must undergo the common fate ;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'squire to Lintot goes,

Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

Says Lintot, " I have heard the name ;

" He died a year ago ?"—" The same."

He searches all the shop in vain.

" Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane :

" I sent them with a load of books,

" Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.

" To fancy they could live a year !

" I find you're but a stranger here,

" The Dean was famous in his time.

" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

" His way of writing now is past ;

" The town has got a better taste,

" I keep no antiquated stuff ;

" But spick and span I have enough.

- " Pray do but give me leave to shew 'em,
 " Here's Colley Cibber's birth day poem,
 " This ode you never yet have seen,
 " By Stephen Duck upon the Queen,
 " Then here's a letter finely penn'd,
 " Against the Craftsman and his friend :
 " It clearly shows that all reflection
 " On ministers is disaffection.
 " Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
 " And Mr. Henley's last oration.
 " The hawkers have not got them yet ;
 " Your Honour please to buy a set.
 " Here's Wolston's* tracts, the twelfth edition ;
 " 'Tis read by every politician :
 " The country-members when in town,
 " To all their boroughs send them down ;
 " You never met a thing so smart :
 " The courtiers have them all by heart :
 " Those maids of honour who can read
 " Are taught to use them for their creed,
 " The reverend author's good intention
 " Hath been rewarded with a pension :
 " He doth an honour to his gown,
 " By bravely running priestcraft down :
 " He

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.

" He shews, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
 " That Moses was a grand impostor :
 " That all his miracles were cheats,
 " Perform'd as jugglers do their feats.
 " The church had never such a writer :
 " A shame he hath not got a mitre ! "

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose ;
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.

And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without ;
 One, quite indifferent in the cause,
 My character impartial draws ;

" The Dean, if we believe report,
 " Was never ill receiv'd at court.
 " Although ironically grave,
 " He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave :
 " To steal a hint was never known,
 " But what he writ was all his own."

" Sir, I have heard another story ;
 " He was a most confounded Tory :
 " And grew, or he is much belied.
 " Extremely dull before he died."

" Can we the Drapier then forget ?
 " Is not our nation in his debt ?

" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters !"

" He should have left them for his betters ;

" We had a hundred abler men,

" Nor need depend upon his pen.

" Say what you will about his reading,

" You never can defend his breeding ;

" Who, in his satires running riot,

" Could never leave the world in quiet ;

" Attacking, when he took the whim,

" Court, city, camp—all one to him.

" But why should he, except he *flobber'd*,

" Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,

" Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r

" To save the nation every hour ?

" What scenes of evil he unravels.

" In satires, libels, lying travels :

" Not sparing his own clergy cloth ;

" But eats into it, like a moth !"

" Perhaps I may allow the Dean

" Had too much satire in his vein,

" And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,

" Because no age could more deserve it.

" Yet malice never was his aim ;

" He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.

" No individual could resent,

" Where thousands equally were meant :

" His satire points at no defect

" But what all mortals may correct ;

" For

" For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
 " Who call it humour when they jibe :
 " He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
 " Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 " True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 " Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 " Those whom their ignorance confess'd,
 " He ne'er offended with a jest ;
 " But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 " A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 " Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 " Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
 " If you resent it, who's to blame ?
 " He neither knows you, nor your name.
 " Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 " Because its owner is a duke ?
 " His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the middling kind ;
 " No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 " Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 " Where titles give no right or pow'r,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flow'r ;
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face.
 " On rural 'squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft his wrath in vain.
 " ***** squires to market brought ;
 " Who sell their souls and ***** for nought ;

" The ***** go joyful back,
 " To rob the church, their tenants rack,
 " Go snacks with ***** justices,
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees :
 " In every job to have a share,
 " A gaol or turnpike to repair;
 " And turn ***** to public roads
 " Commodious to their own abodes.
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 " Would rather slip aside, and chuse
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 " An scorn the tools with flars and garters,
 " So often seen caressing Chartres.
 " He never courted men in station,
 " No person held in admiration ;
 " Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 " Because he fought for no man's aid,
 " Though trusted long in great affairs,
 " He gave himself no haughty airs :
 " Without regarding private ends,
 " Spent all his credit for his friends :
 " And only chose the wise and good ;
 " No flatterers, no allies in blood :
 " But succour'd virtue in distress,
 " And seldom fail'd of good success,
 " As numbers in their hearts must own,
 " Who, but for him, had been unknown,

" He

- " He kept with princes due decorum ;
 " Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 " He follow'd David's lesson just ;
 " In princes never put his trust ;
 " And, would you make him truly four,
 " Provoke him with a slave in pow'r.
 " The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 " With what impatience he declaim'd !
 " Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;
 " For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
 " For her he boldly stood alone ;
 " For her he oft expos'd his own.
 " Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 " Had set a price upon his head ;
 " But not a traitor could be found,
 " To sell him for six hundred pound.
 " Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 " He might have rose like other men :
 " But pow'r was never in his thought,
 " And wealth he valued not a groat :
 " Ingratitude he often found,
 " And pitied those who meant the wound :
 " But kept the tenor of his mind,
 " To merit well of human-kind :
 " Nor made a sacrifice of these,
 " Who still were true, to please his foes.
 " He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 " To reconcile his friends in pow'r ;
 " Saw

- " Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each other's ruin.
 " But, finding vain was all his care,
 " He left the court in mere despair.
 " And, O ! how short are human schemes !
 " Here ended all our golden dreams.
 " What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 " What Oxford's valour, Oxford's cares,
 " To save their sinking country sent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one event.
 " Too soon that precious life was ended,
 " On which alone our weal depended.
 " When up a dangerous faction starts,
 " With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
 " By solemn league and covenant bound,
 " To ruin, slaughter and confound ;
 " To turn religion to a fable,
 " And make the government a Babel ;
 " Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 " Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ;
 " To sacrifice Old England's glory,
 " And make her infamous in story :
 " When such a tempest shook the land,
 " How could unguarded Virtue stand !
 " With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
 " Beheld the dire destructive scene :
 " His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 " Himself within the frown of power ;
 " Pursued

- " Pursued by base-invenom'd pens,
 " Far to the land of f—— and fens ;
 " A fervile race in folly nurs'd,
 " Who truckle most when treated worst,
 " By innocence and resolution,
 " He bore continual persecution ;
 " While numbers to preferment rose,
 " Whose merit was to be his foes ;
 " When ev'n his own familiar friends,
 " Intent upon their private ends,
 " Like renegadoes now he feels
 " Against him lifting up their heels.
 " The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 " An infamous destructive cheat ;
 " Taught fools their interest how to know,
 " And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 " Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
 " To save that hapless land from ruin ;
 " While they who at the steerage stood,
 " And reap'd the profit, fought his blood,
 " To save them from their evil fate,
 " In him was held a crime of state.
 " A wicked monster on the bench,
 " Whose fury blood could never quench ;
 " As vile and profligate a villain,
 " As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian ;
 " Who long all justice had discarded,
 " Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded ;
 " Vow'd

- " Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 " And make him of his zeal repent.
 " But Heaven his innocence defends,
 " The grateful people stand his friends:
 " Not strains of law, nor judges frown,
 " Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 " Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.
 " In exile, with a steady heart,
 " He spent his life's declining part ;
 " Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 " Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
 " Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
 " Was to be held a misanthrope :
 " This into general odium drew him ;
 " Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
 " His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 " But discontent against the times :
 " For, had we made him timely offers
 " To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other brethren of his gown ;
 " For party he would scarce have bled :—
 " I say no more—because he's dead.
 " What writings has he left behind ?"
 " I hear they're of a different kind :
 " A few in verse, but most in prose."
 " Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose :

" All

" All scribbled in the worst of times,
 " To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes ;
 " To praise Queen Anne ; nay more, defend her,
 " As never favouring the Pretender :
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the court to shew his spite :
 " Perhaps his travels, part the third
 " A lye at every second word—
 " Offensive to a loyal ear :
 " But not one sermon, you may swear."

" He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
 " With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
 " Was cheerful to his dying day ;
 " And friends would let him have his way.

" As for his works in verse or prose,
 " I own myself no judge of those.
 " Nor can I tell what critics thought them ;
 " But this I know, all people bought them,
 " As with a moral view design'd
 " To please and to reform mankind :
 " And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 " The world must own it, to their shame,
 " The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 " He gave the little wealth he had
 " To build a house for fools and mad ;
 " To shew, by one satiric touch,
 " No nation wanted it so much.
 " That kingdom he has left his debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a better.

" And, since you dread no farther lashes,
 " Methinks you may forgive his ashes." *Similies.*

Similies. To Molly.

MY passion is as mustard strong ;
I fit all sober sad ;
Drunk as a piper all the day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For tho' as drunk as David's fow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a fluck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin ;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
But as a groat now thin !

I melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,

She laughs to see me pale ;

And merry as a grig is grown,

And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love at her approach

Is busy as a bee ;

Hearts sound as any bell or roach

Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail

The fine men crowd about her

But soon as dead as a door-nail

Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears ;

O ! were we join'd together,

My heart would be Scot-free from cares,

And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,

No drum was ever tighter ;

Her glance is as a razor keen,

And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,

Methinks I taste them yet ;

Brown as a berry is her hair,

Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites ;
 Sharp as a needle are her words,
 Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
 Clean as a penny dress ;
 Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
 Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king !
 Good Lord ! how all men envied me !
 She lov'd like any thing :

But false as hell, she like the wind
 Chang'd, as her sex must do :
 Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
 And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru ;
 Great as an emp'ror should I be,
 And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post ;
 Let us like burrs together stick,
 And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
 And wish me better sped
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,
 And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh-perhaps and wish,
 When I am rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish.

Mrs. Harris's Petition.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland *
 the humble petition of Frances Harris,
 Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries;
 Humbly sheweth,
 That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's † chamber,
 because I was cold;
 And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings and
 six-pence, besides farthings in money and gold:
 So, because I had been buying things for my Lady last
 night,
 I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.

E 2

Now,

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

Now, you must know because my trunk has a very bad
 lock,
 Therefore all money I have, which, God knows, is a very
 small flock,
 I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next to my
 smock.

So when I went to put my purse, as God would have it, my
 smock was unripp'd,

And instead of putting it into my pocket down it slipt;
 Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to
 bed;

And, God knows my money was as safe as my maiden-
 head.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very
 light:

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I
 thought I should have sunk outright.

Lord! Madam, says Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed,
 says I, never worse:

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my
 purse?

Lord help me! said Mary, I never stirred out of this
 place:

Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a
 plain case.

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;

However, she stole away my garters, that I might do my-
 self no harm.

So

So I tumbled and tofs'd all night, as you may very well think.

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's ‡ box, tied in a rag, the money was found.

So next morning we told Whittle §, and he fell a-swear-ing:

Then my dame Wadgar || came; and she, you know, is thick of hearing.

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loss I have had?

Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's ¶ folks are all very sad;

For my Lord Dromedary ** comes o' Tuesday without fail.

Pugh! said I, but that's not the business that I ail.

Says Cary ††, says he, I have beent a servant this five-and-twenty years come spring,

And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.

E 3

Yes,

‡ Wife to one of the footmen. § Earl of Berkeley's Valet.

|| The old deaf huoskeeper. ¶ Galway.

** Earl of Drogheda, who with the Primate was to succeed the two Earls. †† Clerk of the Kitchen.

Yes, says the steward ††, I remember, when I was at my
Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of goose-
berries.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of
grief,

(Now you must know, of all things in the world, I hate
a thief).

However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly a-
bout :

Mrs. Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd
out :

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse §§ ;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence,
makes a great hole in my wages :

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these
ages.

Now Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body under-
stands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without
hands.

The Devil take me ! said she (blessing herself) if ever I
saw 't !

So she roar'd like a bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her all to
naught.

So,

†† *Ferris.*

§§ *An usual saying of hers.*

So you know, what could I say to her any more ?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well ; but then they would have had me gone to the
cunning man !

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the chaplain will be here
anon.

So the chaplain * came in : now the servants say he is
my sweetheart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take
his part.

So, as the Devil would have it, before I was aware,
out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a nativity, when a body's
plunder'd ?

(Now you must know he hates to be call'd parson like
Devil.)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be
more civil ;

If your money be gone, as a learned divine says, d' ye
see,

You are no text for my handling ; so take that from me :
I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have you to
know.

Lord ! said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never thought
you so ;

You

You know I honour the cloth ; I design to be a parson's wife ;

I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life.

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me ! and so went away.

Well, I thought I should have swoon'd : Lord : said I, what shall I do ?

I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love too !

Then my lord call'd me : Harry †, said my Lord, don't cry ;

I'll give something towards thy loss ; and, says my Lady, so will I.

O ! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain won't come to ?

For that, he said (an't please your Excellencies), I must petition you.

The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection ;

And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies letter,

With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, in stead of him, a better :

And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,

Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade) as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

† A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.

Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!

You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder where you were bred.

I'm sure such words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan!
'tis a shame

For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.

Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin:

And the Dean, my master, is an honest man than you and all your kin:

He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse:
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,

And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart, drunk or sober:

Not

Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my
knowledge,

Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late,
in your college.

You say you will eat grafs on his grave: a christian eat
grafs.

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an afs:
But that's as much as to say, that my master should die
before ye:

Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe
that's a true story;

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master,
what care I?

And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.

Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and shame
the devil;

I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlesfolks should
be civil.

Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that
you was here;

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year;

And Saunders the man says you are always jesting and
mocking:

Mary, said he (one day as I was mending my master's
flocking),

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school.

I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him
a fool.

Saunders,

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-
clout to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct this letter ;
For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister Marget she
writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master
comes from pray'rs :

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs;
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
write written hand:

And so I remain, in a civil way your servant to command,

MARY.

The Oyster.

SOMERVILLE.

In jus

Acres procurrent, magnum spectaculum uterque. HOR.

TWO comrades, as grave authors say
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define),
Had found an oyster in their way,

Contest and foul debate arose:

Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows.

Actions

Actions on actions hence succeed,
 Each hero's obstinately stout,
 Green bags and parchment's fly about,
 Pleadings are drawn, and counsel feed.

The parson of the place, good man!
 Whose kind and charitable heart

In human ills still bore a part;
 Thrice shook his head, and thus began:
 Neighbours and friends, refer to me

This doughty matter in dispute,
 I'll soon decide th' important suit,
 And finish all without a fee.

Give me the oyster then—'tis well—

He opens it, and at one sup
 Gulps the contested trifle up,
 And smiling gives to each a shell.

Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
 Your oyster's good as e'er was eat;

I thank you for my dainty treat:
 God bless you both, and live in peace.

M O R A L.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
 From this learn common sense:

Nor thrust your neighbours into gaols
 For ev'ry slight offence. 5 00 57

Banish those vermin of debate

That on your substance feed;
 The knaves who now are serv'd in plate
 Would starve, if fools agreed.